John Adams.

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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME VIII.

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MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

To Dr. DELANY, on the Libels written againſt him.

——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi.

Written in the year 1729.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'ſcaping oft without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame:

When firſt in print you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head :
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul !
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping ;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame ;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, in yourſelf when ſmooth and round *,
They glance aſide without a wound.

'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art ;
How Pain they might from Pleaſure part ;
But little could their ſtrength avail ;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus Fame and Cenſure with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd ?
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd ?

'Tis eminence makes envy riſe ;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find :

* In ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus.

Lies

Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods;
And ſneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You ſay, the muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh ſenate's praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues;
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to ſhoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys *;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt ev'ry critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unfold upon the printer's lines.

* The Iriſh parliament ſat at the Blue-boys hoſpital, while the new parliament-houſe was building.

A genius in the rev'rend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the fureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendu'd,
Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob *;
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Then ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They croud about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dule ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit freethinkers.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For though the muſe delight in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction,
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let no faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

When

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For afterbirth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the muſes hill;
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks:
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To perſecute the muſes fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies.
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies:
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Shew me the ſame numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:
You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the Grubſtreet poet's neſt;
What ſpunging-houſe in dread of jail
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin:
Find the laſt garret where the lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,

What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd——Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd on Grubstreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me, when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

On DREAMS.

An Imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THose dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,

Jove

Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic arts runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries.
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom t——d man, of true ſtateſman mold,
Collects the city-filth in ſearch of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead mens ſhoes.

The grave divine with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with neaſeous praiſe:

And

And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

***

Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair examples preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
  In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own:
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a cauſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
  Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to humankind;
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauſeous ſleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
  Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate.
  She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd:

Can

Can cowardice her ſex adorn.
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, though her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry motion ſteals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No, 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would Cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride?
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief;
And, though by heav'n's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,

No

No cruel maſter could require
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught:
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
Beſt pattern of true friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger yours;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

VERSES

VERSES on the Death of Dr. SWIFT, occasioned by reading the following Maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dans l' adversité de nos mèllieurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous deplaist pas.

In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that doth not displease us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
"We first consult our private ends;
"While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
"Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crouded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?

I love

I love my friend as well as you :
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher poſt ;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt ?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad, the caſe is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he ?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when Emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes :
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain human-kind ! fantaſtic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation ;
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire ;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix;
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John *, as well as Pultney †, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heav'n hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak;
See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentlemen! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.

* Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.
† William Pultney, Esq; now Earl of Bath.

Besides,

Beſides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he ſays;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can ſit
To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a-quarter:
In half the time he talks them round:
There muſt another ſet be found.

For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;——
But there's no talking to ſome men.

And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail:
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus;
It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes.
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.

With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well.
Then he who propheſy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend?
What hearty prayers, that I ſhould mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? he's juſt alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes——The Dean is dead.

Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?

I know

I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To public uſes! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all——but firſt he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood?

Now Grubſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To curſe the Dean, or bleſs the Drapier *.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me to lay the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
For when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were ſound.
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court the Dean is dead ‡.
And Lady Suffolk † in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell ***

The

* The author imagines, that the ſcribblers of the prevailing party, which he always oppoſed, will libel him after his death; but that others will remember him with gratitude, who conſider the ſervice he had done to Ireland, under the name of M. B. Drapier, by utterly defeating the deſtructive project of Wood's halfpence, in five letters to the people of Ireland, at that time read univerſally, and convincing every reader.

‡ The Dean ſuppoſed himſelf to die in Ireland, where he was born.

† Mrs. Howard, then Counteſs of Suffolk, and of the bedchamber to the late Queen, profeſſed much friendſhip for the Dean. The Queen, then Princeſs, ſent a dozen times to the Dean, then in London, with her commands to attend her: which at laſt he did, by advice of all his friends. She often ſent for him afterwards, and always

The *** ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.
" He's dead, you ſay, *** rot;
" I'm glad the medals were forgot ‡.
" I promis'd him, I own; but when?
" I only was the *** then;
" But now as conſort of the ***
" You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."
Now Chartres *, at Sir Robert's † levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,
(Cries Bob), I'm ſorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
And in his place my good friend Will ‡!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead ‖!

Now

ways treated him very graciouſly. He taxed her with a preſent worth ten pounds, which ſhe promiſed before he ſhould return to Ireland; but on his taking leave the medals were not ready. *Dub. edit.*

‡ The medals were to be ſent to the Dean in four months, but ——.

* Col. Francis Chartres, though originally poſſeſſed of only a ſmall paternal eſtate, amaſſed a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland. He had a way of inſinuating himſelf into all miniſters under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or informer. He was tried at ſeventy for a rape, and came off by ſacrificing a great part of his fortune. *Dub. edit.*——See his character by Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope, vol. 7. p. 333.

† Sir Robert Walpole, then firſt miniſter of ſtate, afterwards Earl of Orford. He treated the Dean, in 1726, with great diſtinction; invited him to dinner at Chelſea, with the Dean's friends, choſen on purpoſe; appointed an hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, &c. for which the Dean would ſee him no more: and upon his next year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental meeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never made him another viſit. *Dub. edit.*

‡ William Pulteney, Eſq; ſince Earl of Bath. From being Sir Robert's intimate friend, deteſting his adminſtration, he oppoſed his meaſures, and joined with Lord Bolingbroke to repreſent his conduct, in an excellent paper, called the *Craftſman*, which is ſtill continued. *Dub. edit.*

‖ Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, of bleſſed memory. He was reckoned the moſt univerſal genius in Europe. Walpole dreading his abilities, treated him

Now Curll * his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, More, and Cibber ‡,
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters †;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
" I'm sorry——but we all must die!"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
All fortitude of mind supplies:

him most injuriously, working with King George I. who forgot his promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless importunity of Walpole. *Dub. edit.*

* Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country. His character in part may be found in Mr Pope's Dunciad. He published three volumes all charged on the Dean, who never wrote three pages of them. He hath used many of the Dean's friends in almost as vile a manner. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Three stupid verse writers in London. The last, to the shame of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was made Laureat. Moore, commonly called *Jemmy Moore*, son of Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Monaghan in Ireland. See the character of Jemmy Moore and Tibbalds [Theobald] in the Dunciad. *Dub. edit.*

† Curll was notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at Tyburn. He was in custody of the house of Lords, for publishing or forging the letters of many peers; which made the Lords enter a resolution in their journal-book, that no life or writings of any Lord should be published without the consent of the next heir at law, or licence from their house. *Dub. edit.*

For

For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt?
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)
"Then Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
"Six deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall.
"(I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
"Madam, your huſband will attend
"The fun'ral of ſo good a friend:
"No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night;
"My Lady Club will take it ill,
"If he ſhould fail her at Quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean,——(I lead a heart),
"But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
"His time was come; he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miſt,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
Departed:——and his works muſt follow,

Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'ſquire to Lintot ‖ goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He dy'd a year ago." The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duke-lane*:
" I ſent them with a load of books,
" Laſt Monday to the paſtry-cook's
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you're but a ſtranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
" His way of writing now is paſt:
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
" Here's Colley Cibber's birthday-poem.
" This ode you never yet have ſeen
" By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
" Then here's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the *Craftſman* and his friend:
" It clearly ſhews that all reflection
" On miniſters is diſaffection.
" Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication. †.
" And Mr. Henley's ‡ laſt oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your Honour pleaſe to have a ſet?"

" Here's

‖ Bernard Lintot, a bookſeller. See Pope's Dunciad and letters.

* A place in London where old books are ſold.

† Walpole had a ſet of party-ſcribblers, who did nothing elſe but write in his defence. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Henley is a clergyman, who wanting both merit and luck to get preferment; or even to keep his curacy in the eſtabliſhed church, formed a new conventicle, which he calls *an oratory*. There, at ſet times,

" Here's Woolſton's ‖ tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by ev'ry politician:
" The country-members when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down;
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed,
" The Rev'rend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſtcraft* down:
" He ſhews as ſure as God's in Gloc'ſter,
" That ——— was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer:
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre,

Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe.
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One quite indiff'rent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.

times, he delivered ſtrange ſpeeches, compiled by himſelf and his aſſociates, who ſhare the profit with him. Every hearer payeth a ſhilling each day for admittance. He is an abſolute dunce, but generally reputed crazy. *Dub. edit.*——He is commonly called *Orator Henley*, whoſe rhapſodies burleſque religion, and diſgrace his country.

‖ Woolſton was a clergyman; but, for want of bread, did in ſeveral treatiſes, in the moſt blaſphemous manner, attempt to turn our Saviour and his miracles into ridicule. He was much careſſed by many courtiers, and by all the infidels; and his books were read generally by the court ladies. *Dub. edit.*

The

The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court
Although ironically grave,
He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave:
To ſteal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt *confounded Tory*.
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters!*——

" He ſhould have left them for his *betters*:
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *defend* upon his *pen*——
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
" Who in his *ſatires*, running riot,
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court*, *city*, *camp*,——all one to him.

" But why would he, except he *flobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert
" Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſov'reign pow'r
" To ſave the nation ev'ry hour?
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels!*
" Not ſparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*——

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein,
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.

Yet malice never was his aim ;
He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
No individual could reſent,
Where thouſands equally were meant :
His ſatire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct ;
For he abhorr'd that ſenſeleſs tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe :
He ſpar'd a hump or crooked noſe,
Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
True genuine dulneſs mov'd his pity,
Unleſs it offered to be witty.
Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt,
He ne'er offended with a jeſt ;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd* or *laſh'd*.
If you *reſent* it, who's to blame ?
He neither knew *you* nor your *name*.
Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke ?*
His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind ;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or pow'r,
And peerage is a wither'd flower,
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain :
———Squires to market brought ;
Who ſell their ſouls and——for nought ;
The——go joyful back,
To —— the church, their tenants rack,
Go ſnacks with * * * * *
And keep the peace, to pick up fees ;

In

In every job to have a ſhare,
A jail or t—np—e to repair;
And turn the —— for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
He never courted men in ſtation,
Nor perſons held in admiration.
Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
Though truſted long in great affairs.
He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only choſe the wiſe and good;
No flatt'rers; no allies in blood;
But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's leſſon juſt
In princes never put his truſt:
And, would you make him truly ſour,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
The I—ſh ſ—— te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly ſtood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.

Two kingdoms *, juſt as faction led.
Had ſet a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To ſell him for ſix-hundred pound.

Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have roſe like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd thoſe who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour †,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
While they purſu'd each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere deſpair.

* In the year 1713, the late Queen was prevailed with by an addreſs from the houſe of Lords in England, to publiſh a proclamation promiſing three hundred pounds to diſcover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*: and in Ireland, in the year 1724, the Lord Carteret, at his firſt coming into the government, was prevailed on to iſſue a proclamation, promiſing the like reward of three hundred pounds to any perſon who could diſcover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The Drapier's fourth letter*, &c. writ againſt that deſtructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland. But in neither kingdom was the Dean diſcovered. *Dub. edit.*——See vol. ii. and vol. iii.

† Queen Anne's miniſtry fell to variance from the firſt year after their miniſtry began. Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were diſcontented with the Treaſurer Oxford, for his too much mildneſs to the Whig party. This quarrel grew higher every day until the Queen's death. The Dean, who was the only perſon that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impoſſible: and thereupon retired to the country about ten weeks before that fatal event. Upon which he returned to his deanry in Dublin; where, for many years, he was worried by the new people in power, and had hundreds of libels writ againſt him in England. *Dub. edit.*——

And,

And, oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
Here ended all our golden-dreams.
What St. John's ſkill in ſtate-affairs,
What Ormond's *va our*, Oxford's cares,
To ſave their ſinking country lent,
Was all deſtroy'd by one event.
Too ſoon that precious life was ended †
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction ſtarts ‡,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By ſolemn league and cov'nant bound,
To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel:
Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
Corrupt the ſ——te, rob the c ——:
To ſacrifice old E——d's glory,
And make her infamous in ſtory.
When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land.
How could unguarded virtue ſtand?

With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene:
His friends in exile, or the tower,
Himſelf within the frown of power *;
Purſu'd by baſe invenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S—— and fens †;
A ſervile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle moſt, when treated worſt.

† In the height of the quarrel between the miniſters, the Queen died. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig faction was reſtor'd to power which they exerciſed with the utmoſt rage and revenge; impeached and baniſhed the chief leaders of the church-party, and ſtripped all their adherent of what employments they had, &c. *Dub. edit.*

* Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin at the deanry houſe. Numberleſs libels were writ againſt him in England as a Jacobite; he was inſulted in the ſtreet, and at night he was forced to be attended by his ſervants armed. *Dub. edit.*

† The land of S— and fens, is Ireland. *Dub. edit.*

By innocence and reſolution,
He bore continual perſecution;
While numbers to preferment roſe,
Whoſe merit were to be his foes.
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Againſt him lifting up their heels.

The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous deſtructive cheat ‡:
Taught fool their int'reſt how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To ſave that hapleſs land from ruin:
While they who at the ſteerage ſtood,
And reap'd the profit, ſought his blood.

To ſave them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of ſtate.
A wicked monſter on the bench *,
Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian †;

Who

‡ One Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the ſum 108,000 l. which in the conſequence muſt leave that kingdom without gold or ſilver. *Dub. edit.*—See the Drapier's letters, in vol. 3. and 4.

* One Whitſhed was then Chief Juſtice. He had ſome years before proſecuted a printer for a pamphlet writ by the Dean, to perſuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures [vol. iii. p. 205.] Whitſhed ſent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a ſpecial verdict. He ſat as judge afterwards on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter, [vol. iii.]; but the jury, againſt all he could ſay, or ſwear threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or thoſe who expected places. The Drapier was celebrated in many poems and pamphlets. His ſign was ſet up in moſt of the ſtreets of Dublin, (where many of them ſtill continue), and in ſeveral country towns. *Dub. edit.*

† Scroggs was Chief Juſtice under King Charles II. His judgment

Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But heav'n his innocence defends,
The grateful people ſtand his friends;
Not ſtrains of law, nor judges frown,
Nor topics brought to pleaſe the the c——,
Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

In exile with a ſteady heart ‡.
He ſpent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride and faction ſway,
Remote from St. John *, Pope, and Gay.

" Alas, poor *Dean!* his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope*.
" This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
" His zeal was not to laſh our *crimes*,
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:
" I ſay no more, ——becauſe he's *dead*.——
What writings has he left behind?—
I hear they're of a diff'rent kind:
A few in verſe; but moſt in proſe——
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe?——

ment always varied in ſtate trials, according to directions from court. Treſſilian was a wicked judge, hanged above three hundred years ago. *Dub. edit.*

‡ In Ireland, which he had reaſon to call a place of exile; to which country nothing could have driven him, but the Queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in ſpite of the Dutcheſs of Somerſet, &c. *Dub. edit.*

* Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke. *Dub. edit.*

" All ſcribbled in the worſt of times,
" To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
" To praiſe Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *pretender* :——
" Or libels yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the court to ſhew his ſpight :
" Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
" A lie at ev'ry ſecond word ——
" Offenſive to a loyal ear : ——
" But ——not one ſermon, you may ſwear.—

He knew an hundred pleaſant ſtories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was chearful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To pleaſe, and to reform mankind :
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The world muſt own it to their ſhame,
The praiſe is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a houſe for fools and mad ;
To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better *,
And, ſince you dread no farther laſhes,
Methinks you may forgive his aſhes.

* See vol. 7.

To

To the Earl of PETERBOROW, who commanded the British forces in Spain *.

Written in the year 1706.

MOrdanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

* This noble Lord had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued series of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but had staid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a vivacity superior to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger. He verified, in many instances, whatever has been said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been fixed only in his friendships and moral principles. He had a most true regard and affection for Swift and Pope. The Dean has here described him in a very particular manner, but so justly, that the four last stanzas will give a most perfect and complete idea of Lord Peterborow's person and military virtue. His wit in the letter, vol. 9. is easy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote that letter, he had hung up his helmet and his buckler, and was retired to his plough and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and disgusted with statesmen. *Orrery.*

From

From Paris gazette A-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſtboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

The FABLE of MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

*MIdas, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold:
He chip'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd, like ſpinkles on the ground:
A codling ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a golden pippin:

* The Dean, though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his verification. But it may be remarked, that verſes of eight ſyllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the firſt, and not repeated till the third or fourth. The firſt, fourth and eighth verſes are, among others, examples of this rule; which will be illuſtrated by changing the ſtructure, ſo as to remove the accent from the firſt ſyllable to the ſecond. If inſtead of,

"Glitter'd, like ſpangles on the ground."

the fourth verſe be read,

"Like ſpangles glitter'd on the ground."

the ear will eaſily determine which ſhould be preferred. It is however true, that when the accent is placed on the firſt ſyllable, and and repeated at the ſecond, the meaſure is not only harmonious, but acquires a peculiar force. The eleventh verſe is of this kind,

"Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders."

which would be greatly enfeebled, by changing it to

"It paſs'd untouch'd between his grinders."

though the cadence would ſtill be poetical, as the firſt accent would fall on the ſecond ſyllable.

He

He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup;
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chance'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancy'd he had wit,
Two gods their skill in music try'd,
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.

And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;

To

To whom from Midas down deſcends
That virtue in the finger ends.
What elſe by perquiſites are meant,
By penſions, bribes, and three *per cent.*
By places and commiſſions ſold,
And turning dung itſelf to gold?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas chuſe
Subject or patron of his muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his plumbs * for bays.
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too has aſſes' ears;
Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an aſs.

But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the ſenate ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the chymic power.

While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt the pop'lar tide,
The golden ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a penſion, there a place:

* A cant-word for 100,000 l.

The

The torrent mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
"Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em."
And Midas now neglected ſtands
With aſſes' ears and dirty hands.

The Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Written in the year 1712.

DEAR Dean, ſince in cruxes and puns you and I deal,
Pray, why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a Bel-phagor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend 'em.
In a ſieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give your their power and their title.
This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir?
* "Not I, by my troth, Sir." —— Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity to ſave you the trouble

* The Dean's anſwer.

Of

Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your Pegaſus canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded;
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

Dean SWIFT's anſwer to the Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh,
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no ſieve, (for with that you begin),
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in,
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right;
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen ſearcher.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid *, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this rebus,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus,

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11. 1712, *paſt* 12 *at noon.*

* Vir-gin, Man-T ap.

A LETTER to the Rev. Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1718.

SIR,

WHate'er your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence:
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
Down in the Strand * juſt where the new pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus uſed, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, uſed to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.

Thus you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence
My judgement of the old comedians.

Proceed to tragics, firſt Euripides
(An author, where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;

* N. B. The Strand in London. The fact may be falſe, but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble.

And

And that a woman, in thoſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.
At leaſt, I'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But above all I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe, kill us.

And now I find my muſe but ill able
To hold out longer in triſyllable.
I choſe theſe rhymes out, for their difficulty:
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

The FAGGOT.

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's miniſters were quarrelling among themſelves *.

OBſerve the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks,
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one,
So ſtrong you'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconcilement among them, in the letters to and from Dr. Swift, in vol. 9. See alſo free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs.

Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel.
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards,
And others, who in solemn sort
Appear with slender wands at court:
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarter-staves, instead of white;
Or constable with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease;
Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found,
The Consul's *fasces* * were unbound;
These Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The Prætor broke the Consul's head;
Or Consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the Prætor down.

Come, courtiers; every man his stick:
Lord Treasurer †, for once be quick;
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt ‡, bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch; or else that rascal Northey ‖
Will undertake to do it for thee:

* *Fasces*, a bundle of rods or small sticks carried before the Consuls at Rome.

† Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

‡ Lord Chancellor.

‖ Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, brought in by Lord Harcourt, yet very desirous of the great seal.

And

And be assur'd the court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er sticks, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy gen'ral's staff;
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in.
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig.
Though with unit'd strength they all pull
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

The AUTHOR upon himself.

Written in the year 1713,

A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by a friend of the author's.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

BY an old ——————— pursu'd
A crazy prelate *, and a royal prude †;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes,
On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book ‡.

* Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York.

† Her late Majesty Queen Anne.

‡ Archbishop Sharp, according to Dr. Swift's account, had represented him to the Queen as a person that was not a Christian: a great lady had supported the aspersion; and the Queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishopric contrary to her Majesty's first intentions, which were in favour of Dr. Swift. *Orrery.*

Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the parſon in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines, and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen;
At Child's or Truby's * never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymens gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgements willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John † comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
"Make room," as if a Duke were paſſing by.

Now Finch ‡ alarms the Lords: he hears for certain
This dang'rous prieſt is got behind the curtain.

* A coffeehouſe and tavern near St. Paul's, at that time much frequented by the clergy.

† Then Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

‡ The late Earl of Nottingham, who made a ſpeech in the houſe of Lords againſt the author.

Finch,

Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aiſlabie ‖, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the ſecret's out:
" A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
" To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate:
" From whence with half an eye we may diſcover
" The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."

York is from Lambeth ſent to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe writ againſt the ſpleen *;
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon †, and repents too late.

Now, —— her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ——
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread ‡,
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.

By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!

‖ They both ſpoke againſt the author in the houſe of Commons, although Aiſlabie profeſſed much friendſhip for him.

* Tale of a Tub.

† His Grace was ſorry for what he had ſaid, and ſent a meſſage to the author to deſire his pardon.

‡ The proclamation was againſt the author of a pamphlet, called, " The public ſpirit of the Whigs," againſt which the Scotch Lords complained. See it in vol. 2.

Now

Now Delaware ‖ again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend **.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require:
What could he more but decently retire *?

In SICKNESS.

Written soon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October 1714.

'TIS true,——then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my herse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,

‖ Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the household, always caressed the author at court: but, during the trial of the printers before the house of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

** The Scotch Lords treated and visited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyll, who would never be reconciled.

* About ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire.

Preferring

Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick:
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord Treasurer. Sent to him when he was in the Tower, before his trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

HOW blest'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
Tho' fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine:
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the ſtaff*, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful ſilence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be ev'ry ſecret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked heaven involve the juſt?
And though the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

Ad amicum eruditum THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripſit Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

DEliciæ Sheridan muſarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melor natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit; et dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;

* A white ſtaff is the enſign of the Lord Treaſurer's office.

Nam

Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
Ast illi causas orant; his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
Quin tu alté penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpe puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpe vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

APOLLO to the DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

RIght Trusty, and so forth, —— we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.

For

For, firſt, I have often by chymiſts been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon* lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical croud:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgement or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom;
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your ſake, love better than any,
And of my mere motion, and ſpecial good grace,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the deanery-houſe, and on the north glaſs,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,

* Curmudgeon, a word here uſed as an adjective, now ſignifies a foolid niggardly fellow, but was perhaps in its original ſenſe of more extenſive import, being probably a corruption of *coeur mechant*, a wicked heart.

Did

Did malicioufly, falfely, and trait'roufly write,
Whilft Stella aforefaid ftood by with a light *.
My fifter has lately depos'd upon oath,
That fhe ftopt in her courfe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ftill as he writ, ftood fmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myfelf at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
And by the defcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted fome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beft of my talents endu'd
On her promife of yielding, fhe acted the prude:
That fome verfes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never went:
That the letters appear'd reverfe thro' the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were place'd right again;
Wherein fhe diftinctly could read ev'ry line,
And prefently gueſs'd the fancy was mine †.
Now you fee why his verfes fo feldom are fhown:
The reafon is plain, they're none of his own;
And obferve while you live, that no man is fhy
To difcover the goods he came honeftly by.
If I light on a thought he'll certainly fteal it:
And when he has got it, finds way to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's fcarce one in ten, but what has my mark;
And let them be feen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all ftolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your fafh,
I think I have now got him under my lafh;

* See verfes faid to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glafs in one of his parlours, among the poſthumous pieces in this volume.

† The mechaniſm of this poem is formed upon a miſtake, which a very ſlight conſideration of the laws of viſion would have prevented. The whole depends upon Cynthia's reading in Stella's eyes the writing, which appeared inverted through the pane: but as the writing was not inverted on that ſide of the glaſs at which Stella looked, it muſt neceſſarily be inverted in her eyes.

My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the public ſhall ſee't, if I live till to-morrow.
Thro' the zodiac around it ſhall quickly be ſpread,
In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt), to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus:
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with *old nick*),
And from my own ſtock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;
And you, like a cully, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! but here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Tho' the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd.
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſaid criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of ev'ry degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me;
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by time.

In

In return to her ſcorn, I ſent her diſeaſes;
But will now be her friend, whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

An ELEGY on the much lamented death of of Mr. DEMAR, the famous rich uſurer, who died the 6th of July 1720*.

Written in the year 1720.

KNnow all men by theſe preſents, Death the tamer
By mortgage hath ſecur'd the corpſe of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thouſand Sterling pound
Redeem him from his priſon under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſt,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;
So, to the poor if he refus d his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

Where'er he went, he never ſaw his betters;
Lords, knights, and 'ſquires, were all his humble debtors;

* This elegy was a ſubject ſtarted and partly executed in company, conſiſting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint; and Stella's were the 31ſt, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines.

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were force'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save
Nor all his int'rest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern*! thou hast lost a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seise;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow:
Alas! the sexton is thy banker now.
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality*.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.
† See an epitaph on this miser, vol. vii. p. 301.

The

The Run upon the BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I

THE bold incroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general ſweep
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which breaking bankers and the banks,
Reſume their own whene'er they pleaſe.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Becauſe 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in ſtate
Like peers have levees ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to ſtrip the jays.

VI.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch † ſings,
"Make pinions for themſelves to fly:"

† Solomon.

They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs!
Bills turn the leaders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they had never known their letters *.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing images of wax †.

IX.

Conceive the whole inchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their magic ware.

X.

So powerful are a bankers bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light,
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond ‡ appears.

* It is said of Nero, that when he first came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of Seneca, being asked to sign a warrant for an execution, he wished he could not write.

† Witches were fabled to torment the absent, by roasting or otherwise ill treating their images in wax.

‡ These contracts were always supposed to be signed with blood.

XIII.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his soul who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall *.

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his grand account to make?

XV.

For in that universal call
Few bankers will to heav'n be mounters:
They'll cry, Ye shops upon us fall,
Conceal and cover us, ye counters:

XVI.

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they in men and angels fight
Produce'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST, translated almost literally out of the original Irish.

Translated in the year 1720.

O Rourk's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

* Mene mene tekel upharsin.

His revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep,
Fat bullocks and ſwine.
Uſquebaugh to our feaſt
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a madder * our cup.
O there is the ſport!
We riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort,
From ſnoring all night.
O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new cloak.
I'm rifl'd, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher †:
Why then fare them well,
The de'il take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up;
But, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this has ſome ſavour.
O Rourk's jolly boys
Ne'er dream'd of the matter,
Till rous'd by the noiſe
And muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without one *Ave Mary*.
They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.

* A wooden veſſel.
† An handkerchief.

The

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat
Spliſh ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
By my hand *, you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin †.
Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread
The winnowing ſheet:
To ſhow I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneezing, a yean ‡,
Good Lord, what a ſight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer!
They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt
The length of their ſkeans ‖.
What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts,
What baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Luſk,

* An Iriſh oath.
† The name of an Iriſh woman.
‡ An Iriſh word for a woman.
‖ Daggers, or ſhort ſwords.

The caſtle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumruſk:
The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother *.
Aſk that of old Madam,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—ſe

A French Gentleman dining with ſome company on a faſt day, called for ſome bacon and eggs. The reſt were very angry, and reproved him for ſo hainous a ſin: whereupon he wrote the following lines *extempore*, which are here tranſlated.

Peut on croire avec bon ſens
Qu'n lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'eſt un ſecret pour lui plaire?
En ſa gloire envelopé,
Songe t'il bien de nos ſoupé?

* It is the cuſtom in Ireland, to call nurſes foſter mothers, their huſband foſter fathers, and their children foſter-brothers or foſter-ſiſters; and thus the pooreſt claim kindred to the richeſt.

In

In ENGLISH.

WHO can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon ſlice gives God offence,
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

An excellent new SONG on a ſeditious pamphlet *.

To the tune of Packington's Pond.

Written in the year 1720.

BRocados, and damaſks, and tabbies, and gawſes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatiſe adviſing the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a proſecution was ſet on foot againſt Waters the printer thereof; which was carried on with ſo much violence, that the then Lord Chief Juſtice, one Whitſhed, thought proper, in a manner the moſt extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to ſend them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a ſpecial verdict.

In

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be cloth'd like a carcaſe would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhopkeepers muſt our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoe'er our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder;
And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the Dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *Coram nobis* ſo oft hath been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean,
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

CAR-

Carberiæ Rupes in comitatu Corgagensi apud Hibernicos.

Scripsit Jun. Ann. Dom. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus; maria undique et undique saxa
Horisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nâm, longa venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus ima rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus crœdas, hinc dejeciſſe tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit hyms, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensus volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obsesse arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,

Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia late,
Gens aſſueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longe fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.

Piſcator terrâ non audit vellere funem ;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

[We have added a tranſlation of the proceeding poem for the benefit of our Engliſh readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our ſuppoſed author hath expreſſed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.]

CARBERY ROCKS in the county of Cork Ireland.

LO ! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment ; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops !
With horſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound :
The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves :

For

For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush earth's rebel-sons beneath the load,

Oft too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Present an orifice on either side,
A dismal orifice from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without control,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighb'ring race, though wont to brave the shocks
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,

Wash down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher with desponding eyes.
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

Upon the Horrid PLOT discovered by HARLEQUIN, the Bishop of ROCHESTER's French dog *.

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

Written in the year 1723.

I ask'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjur'd dog denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
Whig. But you must know this dog was lame.

* See the proceedings in parliament against Dr. Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, State trials, vol. 6.---He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishopric, banished his native country, and died in France, Feb. 15, 1732.

Tory.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame: — proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the ſtile.
Whig. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.
Tory. I'm ſtill to ſeek, which dog you mean;
Whether cur Plunket, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh or an Iriſh hound;
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every ſtander-by was marking,
That all the noiſe they made was barking.
You pay them well; the dogs have got
Their dog-heads in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That ev'ry dog muſt have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had thrown down a diſh,
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll ſoon return to his own vomit.
Whig. Beſides this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
Whig. I prov'd my propoſition full:
But Jacobites are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real cur,
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Though French by birth and education;

His correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and tranſlated:
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee;
Confeſs'd as plain as he could bark:
Then with his forefoot ſet his mark.
Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer ſticks;
But ſtateſmen never want d—g-tricks.
For ſince it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report
That he's to have a place at court.
Whig Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And when we found the dog begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
Tory, I own it was a dang'rous project;
And you have prov'd it by dog-logic.
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A dog and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops are all d——gs indeed.

JOAN cudgels NED.

Written in the year 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will's a cully.

Die

Die Ned and Beſs ; give Will to Joan,
She dare not ſay her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will ; give Beſs to Ned,
And ev'ry day ſhe combs his head.

STELLA at WOOD-PARK,

A houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq; eight miles from Dublin.

——Cuicunque nocere volebat
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Written in the Year 1723.

DON Carlos in a merry ſpite
Did Stella to his houſe invite :
He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly chear.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price :
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits ;
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn :
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*,
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear Madam, try this pigeon's leg ;

Was

Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that ev'ry glaſs was fine.
At laſt grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work'd as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown,
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To * Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin;
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the houſehold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingly †:
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked*:
From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of ——————
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond Quay ‡.
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:

* The river that runs through Dublin.
† A lady. The two ladies lodged together.
‡ Where the two ladies lodged,

Each

Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding ſtairs :
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks :
And half the chairs with broken backs :
Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup :
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore,
The cupboard could contain but four) :
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jeſt : though now I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere ;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true :
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely place'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little ;
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you ſhine :
Yet when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down ;

We

We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

A quibbling ELEGY on the Worſhipful Judge BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath ſunk our Juſtice Boat.
Why ſhould he ſink, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs?
His lading little, and his ballaſt leſs.
Toſt in the waves of this tempeſtuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd, and canvaſs furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he founders in the port.
With water † fill'd he could no longer float,
The common death of many a ſtronger boat.
A poſt ſo fill'd, on nature's laws intrenches:
Benches on boats are place'd, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat, how ſhall I reconcile it?
Was both a boat, and in one ſenſe a pilot.
With ev'ry wind he ſail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendents, but abhorr'd a Jack ‡.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

* Two villages near the ſea, where boatmen and ſeamen live.
† It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.
‡ A cant-word for a Jacobite.

Behold

Behold the awful bench on which he ſat;
He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that:
Yet, when his ſand was out, we find at laſt,
That death has overſet him with a blaſt.
Our Boat is now ſail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry,
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our Boat ‖ hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimſtone to fill up his flaws.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old poſt again.
The way is thus, and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks;
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's * green;
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, Look, there's our Boat, and there's the pendent.

The EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray gentlefolks forbear your ſcoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes, where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes you muſt agree,
No Boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller,
In ſhort, he was an able ſculler †.

‖ In hanging people as a judge.
* Where the Dublin ſtallows ſtands.
† *Query*, Whether the author meant *ſcholar*, and wilfully miſtook?

A receipt to reſtore STELLA's youth.

Written in the year 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhow'rs and ev'ning's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And as the vegetable riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant *.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca † down to graſe;

* Jupiter is fabled to have ſtolen Europa in the ſhape of a bull.
† Dr. Sheridan's houſe, ſeven or eight miles from Dublin.

Where

Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair :
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin ;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood :
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor ought of Stella but the name ;
For what was ever understood
By human kind, but flesh and blood ?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you* ;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd :
While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' *quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case :
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away ;
The 'squires in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse ;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHITSHED'S motto ON his coach *.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

Libertas et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now thy words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it;
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Brod'rick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul to barter it †,
For fifty times its worth, to Carteret ‡.
Now ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum,
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

* The noted Chief Juſtice who twice proſecuted the Drapier, and diſſolved the grand jury for not finding the bill againſt him. See his letters, in vol. 3. and 4.

† (*i. e.* Liberty to barter his ſoul.

‡ Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Sent

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, in order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was deaf.

Written in the year 1724.

DEar Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks, a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard, you'd be no gainer.
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern;
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, Sir, is to be heard.

The ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When, by experience, one would do.

'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace;
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Become's his brother's lawful heir.
Thus, for a trial let me beg of
Your Rev'rence but to cut one leg off;
And you shall find by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For ev'ry day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining:
So, when an eye hath lost its brother,
You see the better with the other:
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother-limb *reacts*.
But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing;
For though the place of either ear
Be distant as one head can bear;
Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
Consult his book *de partiam usu*).
That from each ear, as he observes,
There crept two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,

To

To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard *phænomenon*.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those,
Who wanting both, have us'd their toes *;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew.

Written in the year 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But when he saw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, patience, good my dear.
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will), thy house is worse than hell:

* There was about this time a man shewed, who wrote with his foot.

Why, what a peal the jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life,
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*

Will went again to viſit Dick;
And ent'ring in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'liſh whims;
Odſbubs, why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—ds, I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco;*
I'd ſend her far enough away——
Dear Will; but what would people ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out, ſhame.

Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him when he ſaid it?
Can he who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate?
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke his pate.
And what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;

Thoſe

Thoſe men who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beaſt.
At home he was purſu'd with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones:
The 'prentices procur'd a riding *
To act his patience, and her chiding.

Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide;
Slaves to their quiet and good name
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade ſtill practiſed in ſome parts of England, to ridicule a ſcolding wife and hen-pecked huſband. A woman beſtrides the horſe, and with a ladle chaſtiſes a man,, who ſits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horſe's tail.

[Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, uſed to entertain themſelves with writing riddles, and ſending them to him and their other acquaintance: copies of which ran about, and ſome of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author at his leiſure-hours fell into the ſame amuſement: although it be ſaid, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or uſe. However, by the advice of ſome perſons, for whom the author had a great eſteem, and who were pleaſed to ſend the copies, the few following have been publiſhed, (which are allowed to be genuine); becauſe we are informed that ſeveral good judges have a taſte for ſuch kind of compoſitions.

A RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white:
My perſon tall and ſlender waſte,
On either ſide with fringes grace'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide;
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtripp'd me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears,
He oft employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice, or his luſt.
From me no ſecret he can hide:
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.

All

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading:
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.

Nay, man my maſter is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate,
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II.

ANOTHER.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſs'd,
When in my gaudy livery dreſs'd!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The fav'rite meſſenger of Jove *,
And Lemnian god † conſulting ſtrove

* Mercury. † Vulcan.

To

To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

ANOTHER.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way,
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pick'd.

By riding *poſt* I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

ANOTHER.

BEcauſe I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk behind;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.
My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*;
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*,
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.

Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors ev'ry art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*,
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter?*
Yet though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere *depender* ſtill:
An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.

In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cens'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too *cloſe* I hold my *purſe*.

But

But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not *charge* me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,
My *goings out*, and *comings in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way*.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, am firſt *abed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretell
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V.

ANOTHER.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant-face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's treſſes play.

To

To place thee in another view,
Ill ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives; and with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt,
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the fly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joy when he beſtows thee.

VI.

ANOTHER.

THough I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to ſet free.
No ſlave his Lord's commands obeys
With ſuch inſinuating ways:
My genius piercing, ſharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.

The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And turn and wind me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;
In ſcarlet ſome, and ſome in white:
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the ſpirits paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a glaſs:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at laſt all ſecrets out:
And ſtill the more I ſhow my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.

A greater chymiſt none than I,
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.

Although I'm often out of caſe,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhow my face.
Though at the tables of the great,
I near the ſide-boad take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire. when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often take me by the hand,

I twice a-day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to ſeize my foe;
And when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole,
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I'm force'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can break, but ſcorn to bend.

VII. ANO-

VII.

ANOTHER.

The Gulf of all human Poſſeſſions.

Written in the year 1724.

COme hither and behold the fruits,
Vain man, of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and look behind,
Bring all paſt actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad reverſe appears!

This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.

This gulf inſatiable imbibes
The lawyers fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are ſeen.

Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame deſire,
The vig'rous youth and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations as this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her off'rings here.

A treaſure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.

In at this gulf all off'rings paſs,
And lie an undſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones behind;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey,
Are force'd to look another way;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave;
Where each ſupply of dead renews
Unwholeſome damps, offenſive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;

The

The food of worms, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of opposing winds:
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why, at this cave's tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both north and south:
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Thro' clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, op'ning all her stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this mingled mass of things
In time a new creation springs.
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies:

In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounce'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

ANOTHER.

LOUISA to STREPHON.

Written in the Year 1724.

AH, Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrace'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of ev'ry kiſs complain;
Ah, is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:

If

If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, a num'rous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian King;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom;
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides shalt expire,
When his invenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX. ANO-

IX.

ANOTHER.

Written in the year 1725.

DEpriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
And such is my prolific pow'r,
They bloom in less than half an hour:
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round:
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing:
And though no marriage-words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke,
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

VERSES on the upright Judge who condemned the Drapier's Printer.

Written in the year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reaſon;
For there my grandſire cut his weazon:
He cut his weazon at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

On the Same.

IN church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

On the Same.

(*The Judge ſpeaks.*)

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs Quin *,
Nor can you prove it, Mr Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice;

* An alderman.

This

This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then muſt I be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

A SIMILE on our want of Silver, and the only way to remedy it,

Written in the year 1725.

AS when of old ſome forc'reſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon,
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbal's rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her ſilver face again.
(Note here, that in the chymic ſtyle,
The moon is ſilver all this while).
So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long winded)
When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious ſize †;

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by Wood.
† A patent to William Wood for coining halfpence.

Conceal'd

Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud, till all the nation hears:
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conj'rers to the devil:
And when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

On WOOD the Ironmonger.

Written in the year 1725.

SAlmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copperſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep.
Among a crew of royſt'ring fellows
Would ſit whole ev'nings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vap'ring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With braſs too fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
Of poliſh'd braſs his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox,
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:

With

With ſquibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to pray'rs, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling?
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adul'trate copper:
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
Miſtook at firſt for thunderbolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter.
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better),
Which lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will. Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a wood-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd cap-a-pee in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:

And

And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *

The louſe of the wood for a med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of obſtructions, and pains in her cheſt.

The next is an inſect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form:
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch;
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a death-watch;
Becauſe, like a watch, it always cries click:
Then wo be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick;
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries click, when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.

Such a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted capper;

* He was in jail for debt.

Unleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps * in a cauldron of oil.
Then chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

To QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN, in no very good repair, where the ſuppoſed author, and ſome of his friends, ſpent a ſummer in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin, dropping rain:
Chimneys with ſcorn rejecting ſmoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around * her wait

* A cant-word in Ireland for a counterfeit halfpenny.
* An Iriſh name.

HORACE,

HORACE, Ode 14. Book 1. paraphrased, and inscribed to Ireland.

Written in the year 1725-6.

The INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

1. UNhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain:
   New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
   Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
   Like faithful counsellors on either side.
4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
   The single pillar for his country's good,

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi*
   Fluctus.
2. ——— *Fortiter occupa*
   Portum.
3. *Nudum remigio latus.*
4. ——— *Malus celeri saucius Africo.*

To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eaſtern wind.
5. Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke;
6. Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail.
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in a public cauſe
His pen to ſave a ſinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper ſail;
Till pow'r diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in pop'lar breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.

8. 'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke.
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;

5. ——— *Ac ſine funibus.*
Vix durare carinæ
Poſſint imperioſius
Æquor?
6. *Non tibi ſunt integra lintea.*
7. *Non dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*
Sylvæ filia nobilis.

Her

Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.

9. In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night:
They on the bold brocades and ſatins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was inſlav'd.

10. Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt;
Nor change thy courſe with ev'ry ſudden guſt.
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.

11. Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate,
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore,
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus.*
10. *Fidit; tu, niſi ventis*
Debes ludibrium, cave.
11. *Nuper ſolicitum quæ mihi tædium,*
Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfuſa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

On reading Dr. YOUNG's satires called the UNIVERSAL PASSION, by which he means PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the King;
A minister * so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common weal:
If he † who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides:
If others whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in this glorious scheme:
If ev'ry peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines
Her scale to neither side inclines;
Now Pride and cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne.

* Sir Robert Walpole. He was prime minister of state to King George I. and II. for above twenty years. He was made a knight of the Bath in May 1725, and a Knight of the Garter in May 1726; was created Earl of Orford in February 1742, and died March 18. 1745.

† Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the house of Commons at that time. He was created Baron of Wilmington of Sussex, January 11, 1727. and Earl of Wilmington, May 14. 1730. He died first Commissioner of the Treasury, July 2. 1743.

For

For ſuch is good example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lies:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis.*
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Rip'ning and kindling like the ſun,
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree.
If poſſible, as good as he?

Or, take it in a diff'rent view,
I aſk, (if what you ſay be true),
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage;
If that ſame univerſal paſſion
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe claſſics more than holy writ;
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate;
If law be ſuch a partial whore
To ſpare the rich and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curs'd?

The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, Let me into your door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate bits,
Quoth the dog, I ſhould then be more villain than you're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread:
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Said the freeman, Your guinea to-night would be ſpent:
Your offers of brib'ry ceaſe;
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come ſilly people to chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

****

ADVICE to the GRUBSTREET VERSE-WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers, dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtillborn poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing Pope:
And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an *envelope* *
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round.
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

* A blank cover.

On

On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

II.

ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conj'rers know,
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

ANO-

III.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

IV.

ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, nō doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

A Pastoral Dialogue between Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill *.

Written June 1727, juſt after the news of the late King's death, to which time this note muſt alſo be referred.

Richmond-Lodge is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the crown. It was uſually granted by the crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond † was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

Mrble-Hill is a houſe built by Mrs Howard, then of the bedchamber, now Counteſs of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge.

* This piece contains ſome of the beſt and fineſt portraits of Dr. Swift, in three or four different attitudes, that ever were drawn. In it we are alſo told, in his own ludicrous way, that he generally ſpunged a breakfaſt once a week from the Princeſs of Wales, [the late Queen Caroline]; and, I believe, we may take his own word for it, that he frequently uſed

> "To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
> "Complaints againſt the royal butter." *Swift.*

† James Butler Duke of Ormond, ſucceeded John Duke of Marlborough as Captain General in Queen Anne's reign. He fled from England, ſoon after the Queen's death in 1714; and retired to Avignon in France, where he died without iſſue in 1745. His corpſe was brought to England, and interred in Weſtminſter abbey, May 22. 1746.

Mr.

Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

†IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news;
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

Marble-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You'll find it soon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

Richmond-L. The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes.
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling;

† This poem was carried to court, and read to the king and queen.

For all the courtly Madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dex'trous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſter's fall.
But we unlucky and unwiſe
Muſt fall, becauſe our maſters riſe.

Richmond-L. My maſter ſcarce a fortnight ſince
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he'll be poor as any king:
And by his crown will nothing get;
But like a king to run in debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no——wine;
My icehouſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichoaks no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

Richmond-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to ſeek,
To ſponge a breakfaſt once a-week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.
We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the Queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His Rev'rence and her Highneſs walking:

Whilſt

Whilſt Lady Charlotte *, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

Marble-H. Some South-ſea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Change'd for the worſe in ev'ry part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

Richmond-L. In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd head;
Except her Majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales:
And then I ſhall be free from tears,
For he'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too.
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

Marble-H. Then let him come and take a nap;
In ſummer on my verdant lap:
Prefer our villa's, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's;
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit:
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody * for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a-week to bruſh my gown.

Richmond-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs,——and ſo adieu.

Marble-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge, the ſame to you.

DESIRE and POSSESION.

Written in the year 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what diff'rent thoughts inſpire
In men, *poſſeſſion* and *deſire!*
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!

A moraliſt profoundly ſage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.

Poſſeſſion, and *Deſire* his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,

* The gardener.

Were

Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace;
'Tis ſaid their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till envy, ſlander, ſloth, and doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduce'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right:
Through ſlipp'ry by-roads dark and deep
They often climb, and often creep.

Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till ent'ring in a broad highway,
Where power and titles ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.

Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road;
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tow'r of monſtrous height;
Where on the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Deſire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treach'rous goddeſs ſmile;

But as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.

Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumb'rous weight:
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey:
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

On Censure.

Written in the year 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in ſcandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth or wit;
All others who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the pow'r to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lie:

Alas,

Alas, they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are ſtrong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink,
By what they ſpeak, or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lies
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.

The moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is —— to let them talk.

The Furniture of a WOMAN's mind.

Written in the year 1727.

A Set of phraſes learn'd by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it:
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong.
But half the words pronouncing wrong;

Hath ev'ry repartee in ſtore,
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The fight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor makes a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning-tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before:
Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chuſing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace.
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;

Admires

Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious* like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory four;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes *! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. Harding†;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may outſell a better thing:
So, holla boys; God ſave the King.

Clever TOM CLINCH going to be hanged.

Written in the year 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
He ſtopt at the George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.

* *O yes*, ; a corruption of *oyez*, hear ye; a word uſed by criers.
† A printer.

His

His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches were white;
His cap had a new cherry riband to tye't,
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, Lack a-day! he's a proper young man,
But as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
And when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his cart, it was all a damn'd lie
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little,
But I'll ſee you all damn'd before I will *whittle* ‡.
My honeſt friend Wild ‖, may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without pray'r-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

On cutting down the old Thorn at MARKET-HILL *.

Written in the year 1727.

AT Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many a hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

‡ A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.

‖ Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.

* A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit.

Hither

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from ſatyrs ſat and ſung.

Sir Archibald † that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to liſten with delight,
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe fav'rite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord ‡.)

But time with iron teeth I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining tow'rds the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful ſhrick;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The ſylvan pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion ſent,
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire even.

† Sir Archibald Acheſon, Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouſe and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte with all her brood
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trotted forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her ich againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meaſly rum.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree,
(If all be true that poets chant),
Condemn'd by fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing, ſtruck the murd'rers ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
" My kindred oft thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft be torn.

" And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.

" Nor

" Nor thou, Lord Arthur *, ſhalt eſcape:
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou couldſt tamely ſee me ſlain.

" Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo,
" (An old retainer to your houſe).

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machi'vellian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?

" Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
" Through all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges join in leagues:
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

" And thou the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate
" To hack my hallow'd timber down,

" When thou ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody caitiff, think on me."

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

On the five LADIES at SOT's HOLE *. with the DOCTOR † at their head.

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an officer in the army.

Written in the year 1728.

FAir ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks.

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greazy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.

Alas! I never thought
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad:

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than Venus like an owl;

* An alehouſe in Dublin famous for beef-ſteaks.
† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

And

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight-pack
Of witches met together,
With Belzebub in black.

It fills my heart with wo
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Should be reduce'd ſo low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaus,
From pulpits chuſe gallants.

If we who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z——ds, who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
I'gad I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *,
And at the Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

* He kept a ſchool.

On BURNING a dull POEM.

Written in the year 1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
That pois'nous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head
Such frigid fuſtian could contain,
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through ev'ry limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, who could think? tho' cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.

How could I more inhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

A LIBEL on the Reverend Dr. DELANY, and his Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

To Dr. DELANY, occasioned by his epistle to his Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

Written in the year 1729.

DEluded mortals, whom the great
Chuse for companions *téte a téte*;
Who at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his Lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at ev'ry joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.

Suppose my Lord and you alone,
Hint the least int'rest of your own;
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of bus'ness now:
Or mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with, "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;

So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vitious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When weary'd with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then ſhould you dare to aſk a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to dine.

Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office half his days;
While Montague *, who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy though they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party-zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter ſcene,
Took proper principles to thrive;
And ſo might ev'ry dunce alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the hare † with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the court attends:

* Earl of Halifax. † See his fables.

Who

Who under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth *:
Who paid his courtſhip with the croud,
As far as modeſt pride allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile uſher's place,
And leaves St. James's in diſgrace †.

Thus Addiſon, by Lords careſs'd,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſs'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a 'ſquire:
But wiſely left the muſes hill,
To bus'neſs ſhap'd the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the courtiers trade,
And grown a miniſter of ſtate,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope! whoſe gen'rous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſmen kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By ſages, prieſts, or poets taught;
Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe meaneſt talent is his wit;
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a raſcal ſtateſman's ſpittle;
Appealing to the nation's taſte,
Above the reach of want is place'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive:

* His Royal Highneſs William Duke of Cumberland, ſecond ſon of K. George II.

† For ſome account of this, ſee Letters to and from Dr. Swift.

And

And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.

True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play;
Nor ever chuse to work with tools
Forge'd up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen, than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You shew your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pultney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.

But, Rev'rend Doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This

This may be true——ſubmitting ſtill
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to drain a beggar's purſe;
He comes to tie our chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, England is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but ſcraps?
The offals of a church diſtreſt;
A hungry vicarage at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior poſt,
With forty pounds a-year at moſt.

But here again you interpoſe;
Your fav'rite Lord is none of thoſe
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Philips writ.
I own he hates an action baſe,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that friendſhip can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
Muſt be a ſweet'ner by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;

That

That if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his place.

Since this reflection ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This ſimile for his excuſe.

" So, to deſtroy a guilty land,
" An angel * ſent by heav'n's command,
" While he obeys almighty will,
" Perhaps may feel compaſſion ſtill;
" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To ſpirits of leſs gentle kind."

But I, in politics grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both k—— and miniſters of ſtate,
Who look on courts with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of vice ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though flatt'ring knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a ſtateſman's face:
Freſh from the tripod of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his Excellence).

" So, to effect his monarch's ends,
" From hell a viceroy dev'l aſcends;
" His budget with corruption cramm'd,
" The contributions of the damn'd;

* So when an angel by divine command,
Addiſon's Campaign.

" Which

" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through courts and ſenates as he goes;
" And then at Belzebub's black hall,
" Complains his budget was too ſmall."
Your ſimile may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is truth in mine;
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and k——s:
And ſtateſmen by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as k——s are gods.

To Janus, on New-year's-day.

Written in the year 1729.

TWo-face'd Janus, god of time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme:
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my Lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.

God of time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward ſight?
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor iſle's * approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?

* Ireland.

Happy

Happy nation! were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind.
Drown your morals, Madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back;
Give me time, when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burnishes an old-year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

DRAPIER's HILL*.

Written in the year 1729.

WE give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound,
And from his endless hoarded store
To build a house five hundred more.
Sir Arthur † too shall have his will.
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill:
That when a nation long inslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-Hill, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

When none the Drapier's praiſe ſhall ſing,
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten ‡;
His famous Letters made waſte paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier:
In ſpite of envy flouriſh ſtill,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's Hill.

The GRAND QUESTION debated:

Whether HAMILTON BAWN * ſhould be turned into a BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE.

Written in the year 1729.

The PREFACE to the ENGLISH EDITION.

THE author of the following poem is ſaid to be Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D who writ it, as well as ſeveral other copies of verſes of the like kind, by way of amuſement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he ſpent a ſummer about two or three years ago.

‡ Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the author, under the name of M. B. Drapier.

* A bawn was a place near the houſe, incloſed with mud or ſtone walls to keep the cattle from being ſtolen in the night. They are now little uſed.

A certain very great perſon †, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as ſome ſay, the lady, in whoſe houſe it was written; from whence, I know not by what accident, ſeveral other copies were tranſcribed, full of errors. As I have a great reſpect for the ſuppoſed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem; the publication whereof can do him leſs injury than printing any of thoſe incorrect ones which ran about in manuſcript, and would infallibly be ſoon in the preſs, if not thus prevented

Some expreſſions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the ſeveral explanations in their proper places,

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight ‡ full of care,
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn *, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
For a barrack † or malthouſe, we now muſt conſider.

Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a malthouſe,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
A handſome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three diſhes a-day, and three hogſheads a-year:
With a dozen large veſſels my vaults ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine:

† John Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Granville in right of his mother.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat it was written.

* A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheſon's ſeat.

† The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

Nor

Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate;
And rather than that I would loſe my eſtate.

Thus ended the Knight: thus began his meek wife;
It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life,
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull *rums* ‡.
With parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The *Captain*, I'm ſure, will always come here:
I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
That men of his coat ſhould be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themſelves airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
The knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah *, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſs'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſſeſs'd,
Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it will ſound!
I'd rather the Bawn were ſunk under ground.

‡ A cant word in Ireland for a poor country-clergyman.
* My Lady's waiting-woman.

But, Madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
When I ſaw him ſo often with Darby and Wood†.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I ſaw a huge rat; O dear, how I ſcream'd!
And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.

Dear Madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaſe,
You might have a barrack whenever you pleaſe:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
And rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent.
And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.

Dear Madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't ſleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never ſo fain.
I fancy already a barack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be ſure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.

Now ſee when they meet how their honours behave;
Noble Captain, your ſervant —— Sir Arthur, your ſlave;
You honour me much——the honour is mine,——
'Twas a ſad rainy night—but the morning is fine---
Pray, how does my Lady? —— my wife's at your ſervice.——
I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervis.——

† Two of Sir Arthur's managers

Good

Good morrow, good Captain, —— I'll wait on you down ——
You ſhan't ſtir a foot—you'll think me a clown ——
For all the world, Captain, not half an inch farther ——
You muſt be obey'd—your ſervant, Sir Arthur;
My humble reſpects to my Lady unknown, ——
I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own.

" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate,"
Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid? ——
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day, to be ſure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum:
Now, Madam, obſerve, how he marches in ſtate:
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the Captain all dawb'd with gold lace:
O law! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand;
And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears;
At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries, Stand.
Your Ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen,
(For ſure I had dizen'd you out like a queen):
The Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a captain of horſe never takes off his hat;

Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the bridle;
Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air;
As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath ſpilt!)
Then he low'rs down the point, and kiſſes the hilt,
Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The Captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
And your Ladyſhip curtſies half way to the ground.

Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us.
I'm ſure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to ſtay,
And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worſt time in the year:
If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt——
Lord! Madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt;
You banter me, Madam, the kingdom muſt grant---
You officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant.

"Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming---
No, Madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To ſhorten my tale, (for I hate a long ſtory),
The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The Dean and the Doctor * have humbled their pride,
For the Captain's intreated to ſit by your ſide;
And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for him firſt;
The parſons for envy are ready to burſt;
The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;

* Dr. Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

And

And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es:
Dear Madam, be ſure he's a fine ſpoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
" And, Madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
" You'll never want parſons as long as you live;
" I ne'er knew a parſon without a good noſe,
" But the devil's as welcome where-ever he goes;
" G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z——s, by their looks they never keep lent:
" Miſter Curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid;
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band:
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a ninny,
" That the Captain ſuppos'd he was curate to Jenny):
" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
" Obſerve how a parſon comes into a room,
" G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A ſcholard, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a gooſe;
" Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs *, and ſtuff,
" By G— they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good ſchool in the nation;
" My ſchoolmaſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o'me.
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o'me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my life:

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. See eſſay on modern education.

" So

" So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a parſon by G—.
" Now, Madam, you'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."

Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
As who ſhould ſay, *Now am I ſkinny and lean* † *?*
But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips.

Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, *Will your Ladyſhip walk?*
Her Ladyſhip anſwers, *I'm juſt coming down*;
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, Huſſy, why ſure the wench is gone mad:
How could theſe chimeras get into your brains?--
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to her ears,
Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers:
For your life not a word of the matter I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.

An excellent new Ballad; or, The true ENGLISH DEAN * to be hanged for a RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,

† Nicknames for my Lady.
* Sawbridge Dean of Ferns.

A bleſſing

A bleſſing upon them! have ſent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true Engliſh Dean.
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Cheſter,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have careſs'd her;
But ſhe valu'd her honour much more than her life.
She buſtled, and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

III.

The Dean he purſu'd to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame:
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In ev'ry debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles ſound;

Was

Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground,
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime, but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye;
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If Fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor),
To give thee lawn ſleeves, a mitre and rotchet,
Whom would'ſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer;
But I only behold thee in Atherton' * ſhape,
For ſodomy hang'd, as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres †,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape.
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd, that his whores were ſo willing:
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

* A biſhop of Waterford, ſent from England a hundred years ago.

† See above.

If

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own choice;
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could raviſh 'em then;
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our ſtate dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtants hearts ſhould be glad;
She ſends us our biſhops, and judges and deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had,
But, Lord, how the rabble will ſtare and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

The Lady's Dreſſing-room *.

Written in the year 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty Cælia ſpent in dreſſing;
The goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiſſues,
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwiſe employ'd,

* No charge has been more frequently brought againſt the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarſe indelicacy, of which this poem is always produced as an inſtance. Here then it is but juſtice to remark, that whenever he offends againſt delicacy, he teaches it; he ſtimulates the mind to ſenſibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as phyſicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourſe to a bliſter. And though it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that few Engliſh ladies leave ſuch a dreſſing-room as Cælia's, yet many may have given ſufficient cauſe for reminding them, that very ſoon after deſire has been gratified, the utmoſt delicacy becomes neceſſary to prevent diſguſt.

Stole

Stole in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

And, firſt, a dirty ſmock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well beſmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry ſide:
In ſuch a caſe few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;
A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead cloth, with oil upon't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here allum-flower to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſav'ry ſtreams;
Their night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe dy'd.
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials place'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops,
Hard by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands;
The baſon takes whatever comes.
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums.
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits and here ſhe ſpues.

But

But oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Her petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot,
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.

The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Celia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt;
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner;
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,

Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through thick and thin.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.

As from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus ope'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He ſtill was comforted to find
That hope at laſt remaind behind:
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of hope.

O! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber ſeen!
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe "ſecrets of the hoary deep*!"

As mutton cutlets, prime of meat †,
Which, tho' with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from adown ‡ the hopeful chops,
The fat upon a cinder drops.
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When plumpt into the reeking cheſt

* Milton.
† Primo virorum.
‡ Vid. D——n D——'s works, and N. P——y's.

Sen

Send up an excremental ſmell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round ev'ry room.

Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his am'rous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh——."

But vengeance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in contraſt.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind.
Should I the queen of love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira's but ſome pocky queen.

When Cælia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout;
He ſoon will learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

The Power of Time *.

Written in the year 1730.

If neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſs'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows, why ſhould I repine?

The Revolution at Market-hill.

Written in the year 1730.

From diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſuff'rers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd here unite,
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡;
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his Honour's guard,

* Scarron hath written a larger poem on the ſame ſubject.
* The author.
† Col Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain.
‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon.

The

The Dean to guard his honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack ‖ ;
The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill,
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and ſouth are poſted centry ;
While in this lordly caſtle fixt
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt :
And what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves muſt pay him rent ;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy :
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye :
Of their two fames the world enough rings ;
Where are thy ſervices and ſuff'rings ?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt ?
What if among the courtly tribe
You loſt a place, and fav'd a bribe ?
And then in furly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd ?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus ?
Are you to be campar'd with us ?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms ;

‖ The Iriſh name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. Vide the poem ſo called, p. 132.

Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right.
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's mount deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river walk with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan ſhe wears;
Then leſt upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to ſtir an inch:
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah * place
Direct before her Lady's place;
The ſhoes put on our faithful port'reſs
Admits us in to ſtorm the fort'reſs;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume in golden chains,
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at ev'ry ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:

* My Lady's waiting-maid.

In

In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.

But let us, on our firſt aſſault,
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis * you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon †;
Then if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt, that keeps my Lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion:
And ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We'll act as other conq'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But leſt it might not be ſo proper,
That her own maid ſhould overtop her;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our int'reſt to get rid of her:
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues on whom they riſe.

* The butler. † The houſekeeper. ‡ The agent.

TRAU-

TRAULUS.

A Dialogue between TOM and ROBIN.

The FIRST PART.

Written in the Year 1730.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
Papiſt, and Jacobite, and lib'ler?
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt.

Tom. What miſchief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's fav'rite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Draper?

Robin. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain,
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.

Tom. Such friendſhip never man profeſs'd,
The Dean was never ſo careſs'd;
For Traulus long has rancour nurſt,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

Robin. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.

Tom.

Tom. Yet many a wretch in bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout,
He wildly flings his filth about;
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide, like mad Ulyſſes:
While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters,
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?

Robin. Why, Tom, the man has loſt his wits.

Tom. Agreed: and yet when Towzer ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps;
Hangs down his head and drops his tail,
To ſay he's mad will not avail:
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without diſpute,
Towzer's the leſs offenſive brute.

Robin. Tom, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And though you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes, that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but d——n his blood,
"He only meant it for your good:
"His friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
"He ſhot before your foes were prim'd,

"By

" By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
" By G— I'll bring you off as clean"——*
Then let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
" 'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But though he ſputter through a feſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:
Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

Tom. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide;
Directing ev'ry vice we find
In ſcripture to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a falſe accuſer;
A ſland'rer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or grant him but a drone at beſt,
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean hath felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dang'rous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.

* This is the uſual excuſe of Traulus, when he abuſes you to others without provocation.

His

His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could always bear to ſtrive with man?
Which God pronounce'd he never wou'd,
And ſoon convince'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves,
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

The Second Part.

Written in the year 1730.

TRaulus of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungrel ſeed:
By the dam from lordlings ſprung,
By the fire exhal'd from dung;
Think on ev'ry vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.

View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;

Judge-

Judgement weak, and paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they maſons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:
This was dex'trous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.

Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old foundation.
True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!

In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of hell?

To Betty the Grizette.

Written in the year 1730,

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms ev'ry ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard;
And, thy freckled neck diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian folks;
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing.
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing,
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouſe upper regions;

Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raill'ry:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout:
This among Hibernian aſſes,
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH and DAPHNE*.

To an agreeable young lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the year 1730.

DEath went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto obſerving ſince the peace,
The burial article decreaſe:
And vex'd to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry:
Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old batchelors about his court:

* See an anecdote relating to this lady, vol. 7. p. 112.

The

The int'reſt of his realm had need;
That death ſhould get a num'rous breed;
Young deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.

A conſult of coquets below
Was call'd to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;
Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd,
(Like *toupees* * of this upper world),
With flow'r of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his ſhoulders fell,
An adder of the ſable kind,
In line direct, hung down behind.
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all.
But loath his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pick'd by crows.
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment caſe.
No new-flux'd rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin:
Nor Phillis after lying in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G--d d---n his blood, and b----d and w---ds.

Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:

* The periwigs now in faſhion are ſo called.

The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But death had bus'neſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His Majeſty of terrors came,
Fine as a col'nel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſat at cards.
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance:
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the ſwain:
Nothing, ſhe thought, could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books);
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?

She

She fancy'd thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades?
How pleaſant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambitious aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For when, by chance, the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my Lady in the ſuds.

On STEPHEN DUCK, the THRESHER, and favourite POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

THE threſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
The proverb ſays, "No fence againſt a flail."
From threſhing corn he turns to threſh his brains;
For which her Majeſty allows him grains.
Though 'tis confeſs'd, that thoſe who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a ſtraw!

Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing stubble!
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

A PANEGYRIC on the DEAN, in the person of a LADY in the north *.

Written in the year 1730.

RESolv'd my gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean, for all I ow,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless muse shall sing your fame.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all the weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirit rais'd;
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd, by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful and young.
I hope to quit that aukward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense:
To shew my face with scornful air,
Let others match it, if they dare,

* The Lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Impatient

Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his muſe.
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.

My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns;
My gratitude the world ſhall know;
And, ſee, the printer's boy below:
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
A panegyric on Dean Swift;
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
By Lady Anne of Market hill*.

I thus begin: My grateful muſe
Salutes the Dean in diff'rent views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor,
Robert and Derby's † coadjutor:
And as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit ‡.

In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean.
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!

* A village near Sir Arthur Acheſon's houſe, where the author paſſed two ſummers.
† The names of two overſeers.
‡ My Lady's footman.

By

By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance,
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern.
No longer calls me snipe and flattern;
Nor dares he, though he were a Duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your preaching ‖ next:
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighb'ring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera * not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station.
You ne'er was known by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word;
But still whene'er you silence break,
Watch ev'ry syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well becomes St. Patrick's Dean;
Such reverential awe expres,
That cow-boys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shews you bred at court!

Now raise your spirits, Mr Dean.
I lead you to a nobler scene;

‖ The author preached but once while he was there.
* A play written by Mr. Gay.

When

When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of butler's † mate :
You next to ‡ Dennis bear the ſway :
To you we often truſt the key :
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart :
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give ev'ry man his glaſs :
When proper to produce the beſt ;
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine ;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother ſerving-men ;
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine ;
Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.

Your uſher's * poſt muſt next be handled :
How bleſt am I by ſuch a man led !
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip :
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret :
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and darn.

Now as a jeſter I accoſt you ;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare.
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of ev'ry taſte to know the ſize,

† He ſometimes uſed to direct the butler.
‡ The butler.
* He ſometimes uſed to walk with the Lady.

There's non so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak †,
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
With Teague o' Murphy, or an Earl,
A Duchess or a kitchen girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan ‡ take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor *.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed ev'ry morn,
Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learn'd to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine,
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And, sure as they're alive, at night,
As soon as gone, will show their spight:
Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious †,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could she sit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?

But I admire your patience most,
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;

† The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.
‡ The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill.
* In bad weather the author used to direct my Lady in her reading.
† Ignorant ladies often mistake the word penurious for nice and dainty.

Are

Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.
And to a genius so extensive,
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long, with anxious thought,
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter * never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter:
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it †,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part;

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell. See a satire on the Irish bishops, said to have been first printed in Fog's journal.

Behold

Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like ſucceſs,
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs),
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumblings round the ſcull
Dilates, and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt:
But ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The grandeur of the art of building
Two temples of magnific ſize
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes.
That might be envy'd by the Grecks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here, gentle goddeſs Cloacine,
Receives all off'rings at her ſhrine.
In ſep'rate cells the he's and ſhe's
Here pay their vows with bended knees;
For 'tis profane when ſexes mingle;
And ev'ry nymph muſt enter ſingle,
And when ſhe feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with rev'rence and devotion.
The baſhful maid, to hide her bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to pluck a roſe.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd ſcene.
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;

But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own, or Smedley's * lay,
Or billetdoux's, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown),
This earthly globe to thee aſſign'd
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars ſmoking round
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd:
And here thy daily vot'ries place'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam:
(Though ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads ſwept them from the brink):
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or offer'd in ſome flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r abſterſive grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue!
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowſlip ſoft and ſweet jonquil.

* See his character below, p. 172.

But when at laſt uſurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then Gluttony with greaſy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin.
Brace'd like a drum her oily ſkin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble ſhare.
As if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff.
She ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Inſtead of wholſome bread and cheeſe.
To dreſs their ſoops and frigaſſees;
And, for our home-bred Britiſh cheer.
Botargo, catſup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, ſprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell;
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
Firſt, lolling Sloth in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap;
Pale Dropſy with a ſallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly Gout wrapt up in fur:
And wheezing Aſthma, loath to ſtir.
Voluptuous Eaſe, the child of Wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth;
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſav'ry vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe,
Ah! who in our degen'rate days,
As nature prompts, his off'ring pays?
Here nature never diff'rence made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches side?
* When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up off'rings more sincere,
Than where the haughty Dutchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains †,
Whose off'rings place'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers banks;
Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs,
With spiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow *.

Hither by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here by the sacred bramble tinge'd,
My petticoat is doubly fringe'd.

Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never rob'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah † pout
To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.

* Vid Virgil and Lucretius.
† The north of Ireland.
* Virg. lib. 6.
† My Lady's woman.

In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus ‡ in a midnight dream ‖
Accoſting, ſaid, "Go ſhake your cream" **.
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the guile ††:
With Peggy Dixon ‡‡ thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly-ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;
And ev'ry gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be theſe thy arts *, nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And Smedley †, flow'r of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

‡ *Cynthius aurem vellit.* Hor.
‖ *Cum ſomnia vera.* Idem.
** In the bottle to make butter.
†† Guile, the quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.
‡‡ Mrs. Dixon the houſekeeper.
* *Hæc tibi erunt artes.* Virg.
† A very ſtupid, inſolent, laſcious, deformed, conceited parſon, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.

CAS-

CASSINUS and PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college-ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet;
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t'other Peter).
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe.
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown;
A rug; for nightgown he had none.
His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpue or ſpit in,
His ancient pipe in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd lay by his ſide.

Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd:
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers place'd to drink it hot.

Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doſe thy pate:
What makes thee lie abed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in ev'ry buſh:
And I have heard thee oft ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?

Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd "Celia!" thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.

Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt: Is Celia dead?

How happy I, were that the worſt?
But I was fated to be curſt.

Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?

Oh Peter, would it were no more!

Why, plague confound her ſandy locks:
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.

O Peter! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Celia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.

Conceive

Conceive the moſt invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face;
Advice in vain you would apply——
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after times:
" Here Caſſy lies, by Celia ſlain,
" And dying never told his pain."

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—— behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come,—— Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
Avaunt *—— ye cannot ſay 'tis I.

Dear Caſſy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

* See Macbeath.

But

But now, by friendſhip's ſacred laws
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And Celia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.

To force it out my heart muſt rend:
Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend——
Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear ſince out it muſt;
But when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin-ſoul bemoan
A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
The blackeſt of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſt'ning mocks;
Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
Thro' Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
Diſcover Celia's foul diſgrace.
But if you fail, my ſpectre dread
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my ſecret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia ſh—— *.

* See the lady's dreſſing-room, above, p. 147. v. 118.

To

To a friend who had been much abuſed in many inveterate libels †.

THE greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape:
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.

What's to be done? ſhall wit and learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By cenſure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by heav'n beſtow'd;
Or fearleſs enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

The LOGICIANS refuted.

LOgicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human kind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum;
But for my ſoul I cannot credit 'em;

† This and the following poem, both unqueſtionably genuine, were never inſerted in any former edition of the Dean's works.

And

And muſt in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon, boaſting mortals pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute,
At law his neighbour proſecute,
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go;
To treat as deareſt friend a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job;
Nor draw the quill to write for B—b:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupedes:
No ſingle brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;
Like man he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion.
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate:

View

View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes can act,
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

A beautiful young NYMPH going to bed *.

Written for the honour of the Fair Sex in 1731.

CORinna, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bow'r;
Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
Stuck oh with art on either side,

* This poem, for which some have thought no apology cou'd be offered, deserves on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more forcibly restrains the thoughtless and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up a prostitute, than the finest declamation on the sordidness of the appetite.

Pulls

Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-rib'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe flips
The bolſter that ſupplies her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhancres, iſſues, running ſores;
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaiſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't,
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported
Alone *, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;

* ——— *Et longam incomitata videtur*
Ire viam. ——— ——— ——— ——— Virg.

Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p——ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas;
And ſhock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Muſt ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gath'ring up herſelf again?
The baſhful muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; whoſe ſmells be poiſon'd.

STREPHON and CHLOE *.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By ev'ry size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By nature form'd with nicest care.
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mein, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel;
No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her,
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.

* This poem has among others been censured for indelicacy; but with no better reason than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taste. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is necessarily led to consider the effect of that gross familiarity in which it is to be feared many married persons think they have a right to indulge themselves: he who is disgusted at the picture, feels the force of the precept, not to disgust another by his practice: and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches desire like indelicacy; and that when desire hath been thus quenched, kindness will inevitably grow cold.

Her

Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like iv'ry dry, and ſoft as wax.
Her hands the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, tho' dry would melt *.

Dear Venus, hide this wond'rous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe engroſſes ev'ry ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement alone;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch;
The ſmiling Cyprian goddeſs brings
Her infant loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding,
The muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their 'ſquire Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue,
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;

* Though deep, yet clear, &c. *Denham.*

She by the tender graces dreſt,
But he by Mars in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum* *,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium* †.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna ‡ was abſent on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt crown their joys.

But ſtill the hardeſt part remains.
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet;
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs),
The weather and his love were hot;
And ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what——
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it——
He'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it.
While ſhe, a goddeſs, dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain;
And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd ambroſia from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?

* A veil which the Roman brides covered themſelves with when they were going to be married.
† A marriage ſong.
‡ Diana goddeſs of midwives.

How

How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap bordered round with lace
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.

Yet if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit and to court them too;
A certain goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read),
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?
For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchoolboy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder dy'd in Jove's embrace;
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?

While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.

Now "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them ev'ry afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry ſup:
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often force'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:

('Tis this the * ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans).
O! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets,
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative † and diuretic ‡
Will damp all paſſions ſympathetic:
And love ſuch nicety requires,
One blaſt will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage, practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.
Strephon who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.

* A well known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans: which has been variouſly interpreted, and is ſuppoſed to contain ſome allegorical meaning.

† Medicines to break wind.

‡ Medicines to provoke urine.

Yet

Yet ſome aſſign a diff'rent reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.

Say, fair ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe,
Think what can give the cholic eaſe.
The nymph oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed:
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,
Cry'd out, Ye gods! what ſound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe —— ?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm ſtream;
(Salerno * both together joins,
As ſov'reign med'cines for the loins);
And though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe:
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As mortal as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd by courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other ſide:

* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of health, written by the ſchool of Salernum.

" Mingere cum bumbis res eſt ſaluberrima lumbis."

And

And as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove), with garlands crown'd,
Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to raviſhing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddeſſes ſo heav'nly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bow'rs,
Dreſs'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other do their need.
On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for deareſt life;
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Find great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeli'ſt ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experience'd grown,
With int'reſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd
Howe'er for telling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe, to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celeſtial maid,
Deſcend from heav'n to beauty's aid;
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:

If

If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radient nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,
You think ſome goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But ere you fell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face,
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy.
And, 'ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide *.

* If virtue, as ſome writers pretend, be that which produces happineſs, it muſt be granted that to practiſe decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue conſiſts in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws injoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will ſtill be duty, and the breach of it will incur ſome degree of guilt.

Unjuſtly

Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politicians ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake?
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect:
Some ſhew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool:
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shew's Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;

Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece *.

A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground
To build on ſome foundation ſound:
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?

On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO; or, A PROBLEM ſolved.

Written in the year 1731.

APollo, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;

* For the ſame reaſon many an handſome wife is neglected for an homely miſtreſs, who better knows her intereſt, and conſiders love as her trade.

Refin'd

Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymiſts by their books:
As handſome as my lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays:
Not all the court of heav'n could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty-thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the ſtrand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold.
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more).

Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.

Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to B in alt:
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such ſingers are like Nicolini *.
At laſt the point was fully clear'd:
In ſhort Apollo had no beard.

* An Italian.

The PLACE of the DAMNED.

Written in the year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a HELL, but diſpute of the place:
But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd——I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd ſenators brib'd, damn'd proſtitute ſlaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords, and damn'd ſquires;
Damn'd ſpies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every ſtation;
Damn'd time-ſerving prieſts all over the nation.
And into the bargain I'll readily give ye
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counſellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parſons be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe marks the place of the damn'd:
And Hell to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us, that it is not at home!

JUDAS.

Written in the year 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies
Poor Biſhop Judas late reprenting dies.

The Jews engage'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which tho' his conſcience force'd him to reſtore,
(And parſons tell us, no man can do more),
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Who's perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes:
Some who can perjure thro' a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhoprics, and 'ſcape the cord.
Like hemp, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.

As ancient Judas by tranſgreſſion fell,
And burſt aſunder ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo Judas gone to his own place;
"His habitation let all men forſake,
"And let his biſhoprick another take?"

On Mr. PULTNEY being put out of the council.

Written in the year 1731.

SIR Robert * weary'd by Will Pultney's teaſings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolved that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council door;

* Sir Robert Walpole.

Nor

Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—what ſhall I adviſe?
E'en quit the HOUSE, for thou too long haſt ſat in't,
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter place'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half:
For while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.

Here an old fable, and a dull one too;
Yet bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;
Till finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of dog-fiſh had him in the wind.
He ſcours away, and to avoid the foe
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below.
There Cerberus lay watching in his den;
(He had not ſeen a hare the Lord knows when);
Out bounce'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled.
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt:
Syrius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear;
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare purſu'd, tho' free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt:
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:

Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to hell, before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy ſcent ſo ſtrong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot ſave thee long.*

The author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queenſberry had employed Mr. Gay to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards, (which however proved afterwards to be a miſtake), writ to Mr. Gay the following poem,

In the year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, diſgrace the muſes train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs court twelve years in vain†!
Fain would I think our female friend ‡ ſincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy muſe!
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To 'ſquire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-ſtrings her infant ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide!

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but Earl of Oxford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.

† See the libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret, in this volume.

‡ Mrs. Howard, ſince Counteſs of Suffolk.

But

But princely Douglas *, and his glorious dame,
Advance'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames;
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work: for had he thought it fit,
That wealth should be the appendage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretell.

And first: To make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his geer,
With shameless visage, and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw;
And, ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To shew the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how Bob and you agree,
You serve a potent prince †, as well as he.

* The Duke of Queensberry.
† A title given to dukes by the heralds.

The ducal coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge.
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid;
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.
The people with a ſigh their taxes bring:
And curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the King.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires.
With ſervants, tenants, and the neighb'ring 'ſquires.
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway:
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray,
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd.
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By telling noſes with a party ſtrong.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt before your maſter's debts are paid.
Nor in a palace, built with charge immenſe,
Preſume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count,
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With int'reſt, and a premium paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the ſteward come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
A faithful treas'rer! what could he do more?
He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

The law ſo ſtrictly guards the monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the Doctor's ſkill;
And give advice before he gives the pill.

But

But the ſtate-imp'ric acts a ſafer part;
And while he poiſons, wins the royal heart.

But how can I deſcribe the rav'nous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty bus'neſs to ſome neighb'ring friend;
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should ſome imperious neighbour ſink the boats,
And drain the fiſh-ponds, while your maſter dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?

Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, all is well.
Or ſwear it rotten *; and with humble airs
Requeſt it of him to compleat your ſtairs.
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.

Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of genuine miniſterial kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch;
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich;
And when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more †.

A dextrous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;

* Theſe lines are thought to allude to ſome ſtory concerning a great quantity of mahogony declared rotten, and then applied by ſomebody to wainſcot, ſtairs, door-caſes, &c.

† He had practiſed this trade for many years with ſucceſs.

His

His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite:
Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go bold'y on,
And, as they rob'd the father, rob the son.
A knave who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps.
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run;
For keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink,
A strong dilemma in a dep'rate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place,

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs.
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same),
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.

I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In ev'ry mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While he went robbing on, old maſter dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.
The court invited more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will you, or you?
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept;
And ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
But when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His ſnot into the meſs, 'tis all his own.

The HARDSHIP put upon the LADIES.

Written in the year 1733.

POor ladies! though their buſ'neſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the priviledge of men.
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws;
(And why they were not, I can ſee no cauſe):
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

The

The following poem was first printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of September 1733. The subject of it is now over; but our author's known zeal against that project, made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of Commons *.

Written in the year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why, truly, 'tis Satan, Archbishop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of K——y:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious:
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the most rev'rend old dragon
Has got on the bench many b——ps suffragan;
And all men believe he presides there *incog.*
To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.

* See considerations on this bill, in vol. 4. p. 92.

Our

Our biſhops puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain—for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard *,
In ſpite of the devil will ſtill be untoward.
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.

When *Chriſt* was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles, but one prov'd a traitor;
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings.
If making diviſions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever divide,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt?

Now hear an alluſion:—A mitre you know
Is divided above, but united below.

* Archbiſhop of Caſhel, Biſhops of Killaloe and Elphin.

If

If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The b—— s divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our b—— ps would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head;
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a ſov'reign,
As Machiavel taught 'em, Divide, and ye govern.
But courage, my L——ds; tho' it cannot be ſaid
That one cloven tongue ever ſat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhew cloven feet.

But hold, cry the b——ps, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affection could ever be ſhown,
Than ſaving your ſouls, by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your ſpittals?
You are only to leave four years without victuals.
Content, my good L—ds; but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the church, and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons for biting the biters.

To the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

With a preſent of a paper-book finely bound, on his birth-day, November 30. 1732,

By the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend;
Small is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.
Think not ſo poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canſt make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The ſpecious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paſteboards glitt'ring like a tinſel'd coat
A *raſa tabula* within denote:
Yet if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices ſhould provoke thy rage:
If warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate,
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth reaſon to defend the land;
Then ſhall we view theſe ſheets with glad ſurpriſe,
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
True force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled cov'ring, bright with ſplendid ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhow no more:
But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.

* It was occaſioned by an annual cuſtom which I found purſued among his friends, of making him a preſent on his birthday. *Orrery.*

So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grace'd, with shape and air,
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES left with a silver standish on the DEAN of ST. PATRICK's desk on his birth-day, by Dr. DELANY.

HIther from Mexico I came
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last:
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot Dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor *;
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.

This done to Hermes I apply'd:
"O Hermes, gratify my pride:
"Be it my fate to serve a sage,
"The greatest genius of his age;
"That matchless pen let me supply,
"Whose living lines will never die."

I grant your suit, the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reside.

* Alluding to 500 l. a-year lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen.

VERSES

VERSES written by Dr. SWIFT, occaſioned by the foregoing preſents.

A Paper-book is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh,
Let both around my tomb be place'd,
As trophies of a muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long departed wit,
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes;
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

A LOVE-SONG in the MODERN TASTE.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, lovely youth:
Him the boar in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir,

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the chryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Eliſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia brows,
Morpheus hov'ring oe'r my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping,
Melody reſigns to fate.

On the words BROTHER-PROTESTANTS, and FELLOW-CHRISTIANS, so familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of the TEST-ACT in Ireland *.

Written in the year 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current borne:
While things of heterogenous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;
Uniting all to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples ſwim."

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff ſcorns:
"Not for the world;—we doctors, brother,
"Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean ſome curate ſloven
Subſcribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."

* This poem ſo provoked one Betteſworth, a lawyer, and member of the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore he would revenge himſelf, either by murdering or maiming the author. On this, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St. Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper, ſubſcribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his perſon, and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Thus all the footmen, ſhoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H——ce in the houſe will prate,
"Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate."
Thus at the bar that blockhead Betteſworth,
Tho' half a crown o'er-pays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows, in law, nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-ſerjeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, tho' neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are brother Proteſtants and Chriſtians,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines;
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food!
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Tho' born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid, man did beget it.
But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet critics may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother-vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gath'ring,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?

As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And turn'd to lice infeſt the king:
For pity's ſake it would be juſt,
A rod ſhould turn them back to duſt.

Let

Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations:
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption — "Thou'rt my father."
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be bit.

On Poetry: A Rhapsody.

Written in the year 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, pride,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide,
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A ſprig of bays in fifty years:
While every fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can their be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horſe will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when ſhe loudly cries, Forbear,
With obſtinacy fixes there:

And

And where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.

Not empire to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheſt wiſdom in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound
So large to graſp the circle round:
Such heav'nly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the muſe's lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell, or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of gypſies litt'ring under hedges,
Are ſo diſqualified by fate
To riſe in church, or law, or ſtate,
As he whom Phœbus, in his ire,
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.

What hope of cuſtom in the fair,
While not a ſoul demands your ware!
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life or public uſe?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion;
Of ſtate-affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are aukward, when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound *;

* Paid to the poet-laureat, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber a player.

Now

Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubſtreet line.

Poor ſtarv'ling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a ſimile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours grown the critic's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.

How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experience'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.

Conſult yourſelf, and if you find
A pow'rful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or hum'rous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.
Then riſing with Aurora's light,
The muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To ſcratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finiſh'd, next your care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed traſh is
Set off with num'rous breaks——and daſhes——

To ſtateſmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type.
When letters are in vulgar ſhapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit eſcapes;
But when in capitals expreſt,
The dulleſt reader ſmokes the jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,
Convey by penny-poſt to Lintot *,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
You need not fear the labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpris'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and ſweating;
A baſtard of your own begetting.

Be ſure at Will's †, the foll'wing day,
Lie ſnug, and hear what critics ſay.
And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle.

* A bookſeller in London.
† The poets coffeehouſe.

Be

Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion:
Or praiſe the judgement of the town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide:
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe, or juſtly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe:
And ſince you ne'er provok'd their ſpite,
Depend upon't their judgement's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Conſider what a riſk you run:
You loſe your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt doggrel Grubſtreet ſends
Will paſs for yours with foes and friends;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.

Your ſecret kept, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail; yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts,
Where critics mark'd your former faults:
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The ſimiles that nothing fit;
The cant which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town jeſts, and coffeehouſe conceits;
Deſcriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduce'd the Lord knows why:
Or where you find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant:

A public or a private robber ;
A ſtateſman, or a ſouth-ſea jobber ;
A prelate who no god believes ;
A parliament, or den of thieves ;
A pick-purſe at the bar, or bench,
A dutcheſs, or a ſuburb wench ;
Or oft when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
Like ſtepping-ſtones to ſave a ſtride
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide ;
Or, like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort ;
Or like a bridge that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a diff'rent pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport ;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence :
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
As emblems of the ſov'reign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r :
Is gen'rous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies :

His humble ſenate this profeſſes
In all their ſpeeches, votes, addreſſes.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns d——l in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams *
Project exciſe and ſouth-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gath'ring up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For law and goſpel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath).

* *Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ, &c.*
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephante.

Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe),
Put on the critic's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu.
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For theſe our critics much confide in,
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).

A forward critic often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous* *.
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, left with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation †,
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,

* A famous treatiſe of Longinus.
† By Mr. Welſted.

Reclining

Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgement with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word he understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur*:
And when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through *Augusta Trinobantum* *,
Computing by their peck of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
In ev'ry street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth:

* The ancient name of London.

And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh town:
Tigellius place'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday-ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Y——g muſt torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or loſe his penſion.

But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poets art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination;
Through ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground:
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a book of miſcellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of mod'rate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geeſe his belly crams,
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs;
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the baſe.
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe:
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.

The vermine only teaze and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.
So, nat'raliſts obſerve, a flea
Hath ſmaller fleas that on him prey:
And theſe have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be ſeen,
Can teaſe, and gall, and give the ſpleen;
Call dunces fools, and ſons of whores,
Lay Grubſtreet at each others doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman maſters,
And curſe our modern poetaſters:
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taſte prevails among us;
How much our anceſtors out-ſung us;
Can perſonate an awkward ſcorn,
For thoſe who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces laſh,
Who croud the preſs with hourly traſh.

O Grubſtreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet thou haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them than they of thee,
Degen'rate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill:
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low* ſublime;

For when our high born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd:
And left a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the hollow tree *.
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal priv'lege to deſcend.

In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants, to mites in cheeſe,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe and worſe they fall;
But who can reach the worſt of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance: When you raſhly think,
No rhymer can like Welſted ‡ ſink,
His merits balance'd, you ſhall find
The laureat † leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aſpiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jammy Moor with vigour drops,
The reſt purſue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;

* Lord Grimſton, author of a play called Love in an hollow tree.

‡ Vide the treatiſe on the Profound, in vol. 6. and Mr. Pope's Dunciad.

† In ſome editions, inſtead of the laureat, was maliciouſly inſerted Mr. Fielding; for whoſe ingenious writings the ſuppoſed author hath manifeſted a great eſteem.

And

And as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the neither ſkies.

O, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the muſe's name?
By flatt'ring k——s, whom heav'n deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurſes both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt;
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter?
What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſs'd the conqu'ring hero ſtands.
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges *,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chineſe,
Short by the knees intreat for peace †.
The conſort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred,
Appointed ſov'reign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,

* "——Super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium, &c
——Jam nunc et Cuſpia regna
Reſponſis horrent divum, &c.
† Genibus minor, &c."

An

An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.

Now sing the minister of state ‡,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius *, by delay,
Thou great vicegerent of the King,
Thy praises every muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou haste to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You chuse to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.
* "Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

Attend

Attend ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flatt'ry's ſide.
Above the ſtars exalt your ſtile,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.
Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all pow'r in heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either ſide;
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give G——e and Jove an equal ſhare *.
Yet why ſhould we be lace'd ſo ſtrait?
I'll give my m--n—ch butter-weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intemeddled here;
Nor though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolſton gave us arms to rout him,
* * * * * *Cætera deſiderantur.* * * * * *

* "Diviſum imperium cum Jove Cæſar habet.

A Character, Panegyric, and Deſcription of the LEGION-CLUB †.

AS I ſtroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college;
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jeſt,
Near the church ‡——you know the reſt.

Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacs let me dub
With the name of *Legion-club.*
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack pudding gabble;
Such a croud their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,

† I have written a very maſterly poem on the legion club—it is 240 lines.

The Dean complains, in letter 132. that other characters were added, and in letter 133. that there were 50 different copies; but his conſiſts of juſt 240 lines, and has every other mark of a genuine copy. ——*N. B.* Mr. Hawkeſworth has numbered the lines of this poem too little by two. It conſiſts of 242 lines.

‡ The nearer the church, the farther from God.

While

While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy that harpie's neſt,
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.

Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:——
Since the houſe is like to laſt.
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin:
While they ſit a picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſerve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for the orders of the houſe;

Let

Let them with their goſling quills
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.

Let Sir T——m *, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But before the prieſt he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, holloo, boy,
Worthy offſpring of a ſhoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer;
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from Papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.

Come aſſiſt me, muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r,
Thither, gentle muſe, conduct me:
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.

See, the muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

All ye gods, who rule the ſoul *,
Styx, through hell whoſe waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

* Sir Thomas P——ſt, a P——C——r of Ireland, and ſon to the informer of that name.

* "Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, &c.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui. Virg. Æn. lib. 6."

Near the door an entrance gapes †,
Crouded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs joy, and, and true Deſpair.
Diſcord periwig'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtride ſhe takes

By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to beak their pates ‡,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, *Lay down your ſtick.*
What, ſaid I, is this the mad-houſe?
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.

In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all hands ‖;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him C——y.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a piece.

Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
Privilege of parliament,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

† Veſtibulum ante ipſum, &c. Virg. Æn. lib. 2.
‡ Et, ni docta comes, &c. Ib. lib. 6.
‖ Et centum geminus Briareus, &c. Ibid.

Never durſt a muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.

When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan? No, 'tis W——r.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir H——s?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd T——p.

Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren;
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt old glorious in your piſs.
Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em ſtarve and ſtink together;

Both

Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh 'em daily, laſh 'em duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion-rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoke,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak.
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum W——ne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of B—h—m,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the c——, againſt the n——.

Thoſe are A——s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in ev'ry wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And at H——th to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.———

There ſits C—nts, D—ks, and H——n,
How they ſwagger from the garriſon.
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
H——n, and D——ks, and C——nts,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments.
Ev'ry miſchief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bleſs us, M——n! art thou there, man?
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what learn'd M——n
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone:
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma mater was thy mother,
Ev'ry young divine thy brother.
Thou a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
M——, would it not ſurpriſe one?
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come, and right themſelves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phraſe,
Send the clergy all to graſe;
And, to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?

How I want thee, hum'rous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;

Draw

Draw them like, for I assure ye,
You will need no car'catura;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in ev'ry face.

Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
" Pray, be patient, you shall find
" Half the best are still behind:
" You have hardly seen a score,
" I can shew two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
" May their god, the d—l, confound 'em."

* An APOLOGY, &c.

A Lady wife as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewel,
Retreating silent to his cell;

Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes, or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour:
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle-yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail him,
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady——it muſt be my Lord,

My Lord's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
"Is Capt. Crach'rode here *, pray?"—No.
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm ſure he call'd me by my name:
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak,
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.

* The gentleman who brought the meſſage.

Why,

Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within ?
What could I've have ſaid ? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—ſhe'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I'll e'n go home and faſt;
And ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, "Crach'rode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—— "pray ſee,
"'Tis now a quarter after three"
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain——no doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chuſe but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you've made ſome blunder.

"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
"I'll try his manners once again;
"If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,
"My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."

The captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence;
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting—and fault'ring,— humm'd and ha'd,
"Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
"The Captain too—he did not know
"Whether he ought to ſtay or go;"
Begg'd ſhe'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,

Call'd

Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing, seemingly comply'd,
Though if he durst, he had deny'd.
But first resolv'd to shew his taste
Was too refin'd to give a feast:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain munificence.
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through ev'ry sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Like ev'ry thing——at least thought fit
To praise it *per maniere d' acquit*.
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;

Disturb'd

Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shews or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence.
T' apologise his late offence;
" Madam, the mighty pow'r of use
" Now strangely pleads in my excuse.
" If you unus'd have scarcely strength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If frighten'd at a scene so rude,
" Through long disuse of solitude;
" If long confin'd to fires and screens,
" You dread the waving of these greens;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crouded rooms,
" Do now solicitously shun
" The cooler air, and dazzling sun:
" If his majestic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
" Consider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
" To see th' important man of dress,
" Scoffing my college-aukwardness,
" To be the strutting cornet's sport;
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by slow approaches,
" Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,
" From the first fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
" To pass so many crouded stages,
" And stand the staring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my spleen,
" Be told,—*you are not to be seen*:
" Or, if you are, be force'd to bear
" The awe of your majestic air.

" And

" And can I then be faulty found
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

* A New Simile for the Ladies.

With uſeful Annotations.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

To make a writer miſs his end,
You've nothing elſe to do but mend.

Written in the year 1731.

I Often try'd in vain to find
A ſimile † for woman-kind,
A ſimile I mean to fit 'em,
In ev'ry circumſtance to hit ‡ 'em.
Through ev'ry beaſt and bird I went,
I ranſack'd ev'ry element;
And after peeping thro' all nature
To find ſo whimſical a creature,
A cloud preſented * to my view,
And ſtraight this parallel I drew.

Clouds turn with ev'ry wind about,
They keep us in ſuſpenſe and doubt;
Yet oft perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind:

† Moſt ladies in reading call this word a ſmile; but they are to note, it conſiſts of three ſyllables, ſi-mi-le. In Engliſh, a likeneſs.
‡ Not to hurt them.
* Not like a gun or piſtol.

And

And are not women juſt the ſame ?
For who can tell at what they aim † ?

Clouds keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bell'wing ‡ they diſcharge their thunder:
So when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's ‖ everlaſting tongue,
The huſband dreads its loudneſs more,
Than light'ning's flaſh, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but womens rain ?

† This is not meant as to ſhooting, but reſolving.

‡ The word bellowing is not here to be underſtood of a bull; but a cloud, which makes a noiſe like a bull when it thunders.

‖ Xanti, a nickname for Xantippe, that ſcold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind; yet with unexampled patience he bore her peſtilential tongue. I ſhall beg the ladies pardon, if I inſert a few paſſages concerning her; and at the ſame time I aſſure them, it is not to leſſen thoſe of the preſent age, who are poſſeſſed of the like laudable talents: for I will confeſs, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend aſked Socrates, how he could bear the ſcolding of his wife Xantippe ? he retorted, and aſked him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geeſe ? Ay, but my geeſe lay eggs for me, replied his friend. So doth my wife bear children, ſaid Socrates. *Diog. Laert.*

Being aſked another time by a friend, how he could bear her tongue ? he ſaid, ſhe was of this uſe to him, that ſhe taught him to bear the impertinences of others with more eaſe when he went abroad. *Plut. de capiend. ex hoſt. util.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthydemus to ſupper; Xantippe in great rage went in to them, and overſet the table: Euthydemus riſing in a paſſion to go off, my dear friend, ſtay, ſaid Socrates; did not a hen do the ſame thing at your houſe the other day, and did I ſhew any reſentment ? *Plut. de ira cohibenda.*

I could give many more inſtances of her termagancy, and his philoſophy, if ſuch a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expoſe the fair ſex; but to ſhew I have no ſuch deſign, I declare ſolemnly, that I had much worſe ſtories to tell of her behaviour to her huſband; which I rather paſſed over, on account of the great eſteem which I bear the ladies, eſpecially thoſe in the honourable ſtation of matrimony.

The

The clouds about the welkin roam *,
And ladies never ſtay at home.

The clouds build caſtles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the ſchemes of their forecaſting †
Are not more ſolid, nor more laſting.

A cloud is light, by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her ſpark;
Now with a ſudden pouting ‡ gloom
She ſeems to darken all the room;
Again ſhe's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd ‖,
And all is clear when ſhe has ſmil'd.
In this they're wondrouſly alike,
(I hope the ſimile will ſtrike **),
Tho' in the darkeſt dumps †† you view 'em,
Stay but a moment, you'll ſee thro' 'em.

The clouds are apt to make reflection ‡‡,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia with ſmall provocation
Blaſts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

The clouds delight in gaudy ſhow,
For they, like ladies, have their beau;
The graveſt matron * will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.

* Ramble.
† Not vomiting.
‡ Thruſting out the lip.
‖ This is to be underſtood, not in the ſenſe of wort, when brewers put yeaſt or barm in it; but its true meaning is, deceived or cheated.
** Hit your fancy.
†† Sullen fits. We have a merry jigg called Dumptey Deary, invented to rouſe ladies from the dumps.
‡‡ Reflection of the ſun.
* Motherly women.

Obſerve

Obſerve the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd,
The pink, the roſe, the vi'lets dye,
In that great drawing-room, the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our graces †
In garden-ſilks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birthday-night?

The clouds delight to change their faſhion:
Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion,
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who ev'ry hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;
The moment that your vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your eyes.

In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringe'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's caſe,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace †.

Grave matrons are like clouds of ſnow,
Their words fall thick, and ſwift, and flow;
While briſk coquettes ‖, like rattling hail,
Our ears on ev'ry ſide aſſail.

Clouds, when they intercept our ſight,
Deprive us of celeſtial light:

† Not grace before and after meat, nor their graces the ducheſſes; but the graces which attended on Venus.

‡ Not Flanders lace, but gold and ſilver lace. By borrowed, is meant ſuch as run in honeſt tradeſmens debts for what they were n t able to pay, as many of them did for French ſilver lace againſt the laſt birthday.

‖ Girls who love to hear themſelves prate, and put on a numb.r of monkey-airs to catch men.

So when my Chloe I purſue,
No heav'n beſides I have in view.

Thus, on compariſon *, you ſee,
In ev'ry inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim † it then aloud,
That ev'ry woman is a cloud.

An ANSWER to a ſcandalous POEM, wherein the author moſt audaciouſly preſumes to caſt an indignity upon their Highneſſes the CLOUDS, by comparing them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O-NEPHELEY, Chief Cap of Howth ‡.

Written in the Year 1733.

PReſumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow,
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to pray, but curſe?

* I hope none will be ſo uncomplaiſant to the ladies, as to think theſe compariſons odious.

† Tell it to the whole world, not to proclaim them as robbers and rapparees.

‡ The higheſt point of Howth is called the Cape of Howth.

We

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;
The bolt diſcharge'd, the ſky grows clear ;
But ev'ry ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps ;
But what, alas ! are claps ætherial,
Compar'd for miſchief, to venerial ?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches ?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound ;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks ;
But women, in a cloudy plight,
Foretell a ſtorm to laſt till night.

A cloud in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhow'rs ;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.

When Syrius * o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſwages ;
But woman is a curs'd inflamer,
No pariſh-ducking-ſtool can tame her :
To kindle ſtrife dame Nature taught her ;
Like fire-works ſhe can burn in water.

For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous ?
You'll ſee a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together ;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry feature ev'ry ſecond.

* The dog-ſtar.

Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books inroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.

To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſs'd a cloud in Juno's ſhape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more:
No diff'rence could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produce'd a race of Centaurs
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubiginæ*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?

Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her Majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane;
(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet):
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly ſmok'd the beau.

Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
What heav'nly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dreſs'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid.

'Tis

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us clouds as deities;
To us he made his daily pray'rs,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain.
And from your own experience know,
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide:
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown;
And just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place;
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell;
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp,
(Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es);
While we o'er Teneriffa place'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least;
And when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or to Parnassus, looking down,
Can p—s upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;

Tho' Venus be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo ſtirs not out of door,
Without his lacker'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas;
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you, as we go,
With ſunſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove piſſes on you through a ſieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſponge in water,
Then ſqueeſe it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes:
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know;
We'll watch your ſteps where'er you go;
And ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your frize ſurtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhews his face:
For when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide;
And then how ſaucily he ſhows
His brazen face, and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.

'Tis ſung, where-ever Cælia treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings
'Tis ſung, but we know better things
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p——ſs upon a nettle;

But

But though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we by ſoft prolific ſhowr's
Can ev'ry ſpring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to light'ning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allowed,
That light'ning comes but from a cloud.

But gods, like us, have too much ſenſe
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

TIM and the FABLES,

From the Tenth Intelligencer.

"MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,
"When I premiſe that Tim has travell'd."
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale).
The monkey was completely dreſs'd,
The beau in all his airs expreſs'd.
Tim with ſurpriſe and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing

His

His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry feature in't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge an all,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
By —— ſays Tim, (and let a f——),
This graver underſtood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll ſay that for't;
I well remember, when I ſat for't.
My very face! at firſt I knew it,
Juſt in the dreſs the painter drew it.
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave;
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me;
" Thoſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
" Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
" Such Jacobites as he deſerve,———
" Demme, I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."
Dear Tim, no more ſuch angry ſpeeches,
Unbutton, and let down your breeches,
Tear out the tale, and wipe your a——,
I know you love to act a farce *.

* Of the 10th [Intellig.] I writ only the verſes, and of thoſe, not the four laſt ſlovenly line. Letters to and from Dr. Swift.

POSTHU-

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE *.

ODE to the Hon. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE †.

Written at Moorpark, June 1689.

VIrtue, the greateſt of all monarchies,
Till its firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt.

* This is the title given to the poems that follow, by Mr. Hawkeſworth: though it is certain, that ſeveral of them were publiſhed in the author's lifetime.

† When the author's poſthumous pieces were reprinted in Ireland, this and the ſubſequent odes were omitted.

Theſe two odes, and a third, an ode to K. William, when his Majeſty was in Ireland, are the only ſpecimens of Dr. Swift's that I know of in the Pindaric meaſure. It is reported, that, in the early part of his life, he writ ſeveral poems in that irregular kind of metre; whereby it is certain, that he aquired no ſort of reputation. I have been told, that his couſin the famous John Dryden expreſſed a good deal of contempt for a pretty large collection of theſe poems, which had been ſhown to him in manuſcript by his bookſeller: for which treatment I verily believe it was, that, in return to his compliment, the Dr. hath on all occaſions been ſo unmercifully ſevere upon that famous writer. But this kind of uſage among the ſticklers for reputation, is ſanctified by immemorial preſcription. To the beſt of my remembrance, Dryden himſelf hath declared,

" Poets ſhould ne'er be drones, mean harmleſs things;
" But guard, like bees, their labours by their ſtings."

Swift.

'Tis

'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's *terra incognita*,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray,
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;
Let us (for ſhame) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchymy,
And we the bubbl'd fools
Spend all our preſent ſtock in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ign'rance learning call!
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender ſouls,
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools;
For learning's mighty treaſure look
In that deep grave a book,
Think ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd;
Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools,
Her prieſts, her train, and followers ſhew
As if they all were ſpectres too;
They purchaſe knowlege at the expenſe
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,

At

At once grow ſcholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up, and nauſeate the company.

IV.

Curs'd be the wretch, nay doubly curs'd,
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our great enemy),
Who learn'd himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt),
That knowledge forfeits all humanity,
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door.
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this gen'ral peſt;
Thoſe mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from ev'ry one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too,
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius' fate,
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace,
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhew it coſt its price in war;
War! that mad game, the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For though with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

VI. Only

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt,
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows tears, nor orphans cries;
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers tricks
Which we call deep deſign and politics,
(As in the theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the viſors and diſcover all,
How plain I ſee thro' the deceit!
How ſhallow, and how groſs the cheat!
Look where the pully's ty'd above!
Great God! (ſaid I), what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighted peaſants fly,
Scar'd at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite muſe)
What ſerpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts,
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terras light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent Temple thence,
And tho' as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their defence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence:
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of ſight,
He ne'er could o'ercome her quite,
(In pieces cut, the viper ſtill did reunite),
Till at laſt tir'd with loſs of time and eaſe,
Reſolv'd to give himſelf, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing (beloved muſe) the pleaſures of retreat,
And in ſome untouch'd virgin ſtring
Shew the delights thy ſiſter Nature yields:
Sing of thy vales, ſing of thy woods, ſing of thy fields;
Go publiſh o'er the plain
How mighty a proſelyte you gain!
How noble a repriſal on the great!
How is the muſe luxuriant grown!
Whene'er ſhe takes this flight,
She ſoars clear out of ſight;
Theſe are the paradiſes of her own.
(The Pegaſus, like an unruly horſe,
Though ne'er ſo gently led
To the lov'd paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his uſual courſe).

Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear lov'd ſtreams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would ſtay,
Oft ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainſt her fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loath to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are noble ſubjects for your learned pen:
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor, Adam, knew:
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee,
(Whoſe well compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpeirce'd by the blunt rays of ſight),
Shall ere long grow into a tree,
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie,
How ſome goes downward to the root,
Some more ambitious upwards fly,
And from the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mold with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we, cadets of heav'n, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber, and the leavings of a fate;

Some

Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the muse's galleys ty'd,
In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then (Sir) accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease,
And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy;
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

To the Athenian Society.

Moor-park, Feb. 14. 1691.

Gentlemen,

SInce every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Engliſhman, and put in my ſhare among the reſt. Being laſt year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago), I heard only a looſe talk of your ſociety, and believed the deſign to be only ſome new folly juſt ſuitable to the age, which God knows I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having ſtill continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago paſſing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there firſt ſhewed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his accouut and opinion of you. A while after, I came to this place upon a viſit to——, where I have been ever ſince, and have ſeen all the four volumes, with their ſupplements! which anſwering my expectation, the peruſal has produced what you find incloſed.

As I have been ſomewhat inclined to this folly, ſo I have ſeldom wanted ſome body to flatter me in it. And for the ode incloſed, I have ſent to a perſon of very great learning and honour, and ſince to ſome others, the beſt of my acquaintance, (to which I thought very proper to enure it for a greater light); and they have all been pleaſed to tell me, that they are ſure it will not be unwelcome; and that I ſhould beg the honour of you to let it be printed

printed before your next volume, (which, I think, is soon to be published); it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets; and before its seeing the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I intreat therefore one of you would descend so so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it: Which as I cannot but expect from gentlemen, who have so well shewn, upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars, in being favourable to the ignorant; so I am sure nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier.

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever most humble

and most admiring servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE to the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-park, Feb. 14. 1691.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
(When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain which was highest, first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight;
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height

It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heav'n as is its name :
So after the inundation of a war,
When learning's little houſehold did embark
With her world s fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
Philoſophy's exalted head appears :
And the dove-muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings, and flies away :
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And bring the dear reward of victory and of peace.

II.

The eager muſe took wing upon the waves decline,
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat ;
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rain),
And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet * for the king.
And the dove-muſe is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighted at the war)
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore :
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Then ſtrait ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,

* The ode I writ to the King in Ireland.

And

And many a pleaſant wood;
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it, than drown'd;
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wand'ring thro' the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,
And the tranſported muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the god of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſic all around,
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heav'nly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſic with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far exalted men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young, and (almoſt) virgin muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has force'd to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye:
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe,
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence, the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two diff'rent factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill;
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies, and waſps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules

Of

Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools:
For tho' poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.
And you whom Pluto's helm does wiſely ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But Cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp heav'n ſets on all that's great and good
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgement to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home in fear
Of ev'ry cenſuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.
The wits, I mean the Atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the ſtage;
Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to ſenſe,
Againſt all logic and concluding laws,
Do own the effects of providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

This

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little do prevail
Their first and chiefest force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, and who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap;
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas, to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms justling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.

Just

Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king,
Whom all the charms of an uſurp'd wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperience'd glories wait,
Still wear, ſtill dote on his inviſible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t'imagine right
As to paint Echo to the ſight;
I would not draw the idea from an empty name:
Becauſe, alas, when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Mens folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,
And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us, what is fame, where ſhall we ſearch for it!
Look where exalted virtue and religion ſit
Inthron'd with heav'nly wit,
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity.

(And

(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who by that vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind): 185
And when you find out these, believe true fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown, is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand, 190
Impatient of all answers, strait became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vex'd at their follies. murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire, 195
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly, slipp'ry god. when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind, 200
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame,
and air,
So well you answer all phenomenas there:
Tho' madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious, or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools; 205
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love and shame,
Contrive to shock your mind with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a* god himself to help him out. 210

* Θεὸς ἀπο μηχανῆς

IX. Philosophy

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From ev'ry age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by heav'n design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock-habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools and madmens hands than sages.
She seems a medly of all ages,
With a huge fardingal to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new die:
How soon you have restor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dress'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great,
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heav'n is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel muse, alas, takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend? (friend!
Ah, could you, could you hope a poet for your
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be
shed,

Lie upon you, and on your childrens head;
For you (ah, did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conſcience to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years,
Let the vain ſex dream on, their empire comes from us,
And had they common generoſity,
They would not uſe us thus.
Well—— though you have rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe
And ſpite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting, and how vain,
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it!
As at the cloſing an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conq'ror's death,
When the ſad melancholy muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath,
I grieve, this noble work ſo happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
Muſt fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſet it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.

No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which Nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On learning's high eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come
From Ignorance's univerſal north,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet ſhall theſe traces of your wit remain,
Like a juſt map, to tell the vaſt extent
Of conqueſt in your ſhort and happy reign:
And to all future mankind ſhew
How ſtrange a paradox is true,
That men, who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the ſacred liſt of fame.

TOLAND's Invitation to DISMAL, to dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from HORACE, Epist. 5. lib. 1.

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single fish and tavern wine,
T—l—nd to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves head with your trusty friends.
Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.

Si potes archaicis convivia recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella;
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate manebo.
* * * * * * * * * * *
Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,

* The members of the Calves head club were about sixteen of the greatest men in England. They dined once a week at each others houses, or at taverns, if more convenient, by rotation. Swift wrote this invitation in December 1711, occasioned by his friend the Lord Treasurer Oxford's hinting to him one evening, that he wished a ballad were made on the Earl of ***. The ballad, which, according to Swift's observation, is two degrees above Grubstreet, was written and sent to the press the next morning; and when it was brought by the printer to that famous and grand society, whereof Swift was a member, and read by one of the company, it made them all laugh a dozen times; as we are told in a letter from Swift to Stella. It has abundance of wit and humour, strangely adapted to the proceedings and outrage of the Whigs at that particular juncture; and will gratify the men of taste and spirit, who are all of them admirers of the Doctor. *Swift.*

To-morrow we our myſtic feaſt prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt proſelyte, ſhalt ſhare;
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols tell,
How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the tyrant's head,
The wine, his blood, our predeceſſors ſhed;
Whilſt an alluding hymn ſome artiſts ſings,
We toaſt confuſion to the race of kings:
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk what fools call treaſon all the night.

Who, by diſgraces or ill fortune ſunk;
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up G--d--lph--n's cloudy face,
And fill J--ck Sm--th with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine ev'n Sc--rb--r--gh is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and S--mm--rs not ſo grave;
Wine can give P--rt--d wit, and Cl--v--nd ſenſe,
M--t--g--e learning, B--lt--n eloquence:
Ch--ly, when drunk, can never loſe his wand,
And L--nc--n then imagines he has land.

My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our myſterious club to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.

Et Moſchi cauſam. Cras nato Cæſare feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.
* * * * * * * * * * *
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? Operta recludit;
Spes jubet eſſe ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:
Sollicitis animis onus eximit addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Coruget nares, ne non et cantharus, et lanx

You

You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love,
S--nd--nd, Or--rd, B--le, and R--ch--d's Grace
Will come; and H--mp-n ſhall have W--p--le's place.
W--rt--n, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more!
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honeſt Harry is too apt to ſt--k.
Let no pretence of bus'neſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Gu--rn--y call, ſend word you're gone abroad,
He'll teaſe you with King Charles, and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to pray'rs:
But if he will break in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet; ut coeat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et niſi cœna prior, potiorque puella ſabinum
Detinet, aſſumam: locus eſt et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; et rebus omiſſis,
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.

* A Dialogue between a LAWYER and Dr. SWIFT †.

Imitated from HORACE, Sat. 1. Book 2.

Written in the year 1729.

SInce there are perſons who complain
There's too much ſatire in my vein,
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding,
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters;
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers lore,
What's your advice? ſhall I give o'er,
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe,
Either in verſe or hum'rous proſe,
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoir lock up my quill?
Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſh the judgement of a friend,
Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,

† This poem was wrote by Robert Lindſay, Eſq; afterwards one of the judges of the common pleas in Ireland. He was a gentleman remarkable for his learning, taſte, wit, and genius; ſo that in all probability, he was one of the fineſt ſpirits Dr. Swift was ever acquainted with in his whole life. He, from a truly patriot ſpirit, ſupplied the Dean with all materials relating to the laws of the land, which were neceſſary on occaſion of the controverſy concerning Wood's halfpence. The Dean aknowledges his obligations to him in a lively and delicate compliment in the Drapier's letters, [in vol. 3. let. 3. p. 265.] The poem is a ſpecimen of that ſort of praiſe, or, to ſpeak in the language of Lord Orrery, of that ſort of flattery, with which Dr. Swift was daily fed in Ireland. Swift.—The Dean appointed Mr. Lindſay one of his executors.

Forbear

Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks:
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit,
Than thoſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert that Hyde, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory,
While Burnet, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage;
To Woolſton recommend our youth
For learning, probity, and truth,
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds,
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years:
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.
Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?
To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where Devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wiſdom fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That force free virtue ſhould inthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of wealth and pow'r
Make me pollute the Muſes bow'r?
As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
Some by philoſophers miſled,
Muſt honour you alive and dead;
And ſuch as know what Greece has writ,
Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
While moſt that are, or would be great,
Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate,

And

And you on Drapier's Hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die.

The BEASTS CONFESSION to the PRIEST,

On observing how most men mistake their own talents.

Written in the year 1732.

The PREFACE.

I Have been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgements they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffee-houses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens; but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffee-house orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound scholars: not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and

" impudent

'impudent as a ſuburb-whore. What are we to 'think of the fine dreſſed ſparks, proud of their 'own perſonal deformities, which appear the more 'hideous by the contraſt of wearing ſcarlet and 'gold, with what they call toupees * on their heads, 'and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a 'figure before women; ſome of them with hump 'backs, others hardly five feet high, and every 'feature of their faces diſtorted! I have ſeen ma-'ny of theſe inſipid pretenders entering into con-'verſation with perſons of learning, conſtantly 'making the groſſeſt blunders in every ſentence, 'without conveying one ſingle idea fit for a ra-'tional creature to ſpend a thought on; perpetu-'ally confounding all chronology and geography, 'even of preſent times. I compute, that London 'hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-'kind for one among us in Dublin; beſides two 'thirds of ours tranſplanted thither, who are now 'naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital ex-'ceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to 'one; and what is more, to our further mortifi-'cation, there is not one diſtinguiſhed fool of Iriſh 'birth or education, who makes any noiſe in that 'famous metropolis, unleſs the London prints be 'very partial or defective: whereas London is ſel-'dom without a dozen of their own educating, 'who ingroſs the vogue for half a Winter toge-'ther, and are never heard of more, but give 'place to a new ſet. This hath been the conſtant 'progreſs for at leaſt thirty years paſt, only allow-'ing for the change of breed and faſhion.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following POEM is grounded upon the univer-ſal folly of mankind of miſtaking their talents; by

* Wigs with long black tails, worn for ſome years paſt.

which

which the author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man.

WHen beasts could speak, (the learned say,
They still can do so every day),
It seems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupedes I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That ev'ry subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins.

Good Father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was, I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;

And,

And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhew his face before the King:
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his voice:
In ev'ry turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
Who ſaid his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engage'd him in an hundred quarrels:
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet!
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.

The goat advance'd with decent pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;

Not,

Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution,
But through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too, as doth his Reverence *.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own, but can you guess?
——Why, virtue's carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Esther term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer minch the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:

* The priest his confessor.

His

His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Tho' it would raiſe him to the lawn:
He paſs'd his hours among his books:
You find it in his meagre looks;
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes:
But own'd he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone in merit:
Would raiſe by merit to promotion:
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; and God forgive him!
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his heart,
Sometimes to act the parſon's part:
Quotes from the bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his med'cines do no good,
Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat,
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a-day to pray'rs.
He ſhuns apothecaries ſhops,
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops;

He ſcorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's fav'rite maid.
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the 'ſquire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.

The ſtateſman tells you, with a ſneer,
His fault is to be too ſincere;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Where all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few;
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lies,
'Twas he defeated the EXCISE.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That ſtanding troops was his averſion:
His practice was, in ev'ry ſtation,
To ſerve the King, and pleaſe the nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place;
His promiſes he ne'er forgot.
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry year;
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh, if his Majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,

By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin:
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To croud the court with their relations:
His country was his deareſt mother,
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or awkward ſhame,
(For which he owns himſelf to blame),
He found the wiſeſt men he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuſe.

The ſharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for to his coſt
By want of ſkill he always loſt;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye:
No wonder how his fortune ſunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact;
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact:
And ſo abſurd, that could I raiſe up,
From field Elyſian, fabling Æſop,
I would accuſe him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of ev'ry kind, but ours,
Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs;
While we, whom reaſon ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents ev'ry day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;

Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis* *;
Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may degen'rate into men †.

On Dan JACKSON's picture cut in paper.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he piqu'd her,
He knew ſhe'd no pencil or colouring by her;
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my lady, then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurpriſe
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerved it, then pull'd out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin:
And to make roaſted ſilk reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;

* A definition of man diſapproved by all logicians:
"Homo eſt animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu."
† See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnms, in vol. 5.

Till

Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outſide, ſays Dan, with a vapour.
Say you ſo? ſays my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

P—— D—— *ſculpſit.*

ANOTHER.

CLariſſa draws her ſciſſars from the caſe,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produce'd a mouth and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worſted ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſteboard-head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art; now look at Dan—
You'd ſwear the paſteboard was the better man.
The dev'l, ſays he, the head is not ſo full——
Indeed it is, behold the paper-ſcull.

THO. S——D *ſculp.*

ANOTHER.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice:

Chloe obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G - , ſays Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. R——D *ſculp.*

On the foregoing PICTURE.

WHilſt you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic,

I ſpend my time in making ſermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at the Whigs preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort
And look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch for't,
At laſt I'm fairly force'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her
And tell, who it was could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.

I muſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear, it is her's.

'Tis true, no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan, this plainly ſhows,
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows,
What fortune may befal his noſe.

Shew

Shew me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
Who from her lover e'er could boaſt
Above a ſong or two at moſt:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that ev'ry friend
Tries who ſhall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurpriſe,
Thy noſe outſhining Cælia's eyes. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON's anſwer.

My verſe little better you'll find than my face is,
A word to the wiſe, ut pictura poeſis.

THree merry lads with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew,
Let then ſuch critics know, my face
Gives them their comelineſs and grace:
Whilſt ev'ry line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.

But

But yet methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name the men who do rehearse
The story of the picture-farce;
The 'squire in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any;
And yet much more, that half-name-sake.
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sheridane:
'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his side.
But if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

ANSWER to DAN JACKSON, by Mr. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

YOU say your face's better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue.
In not explaining you were wrong
to us, Sir.
Because

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down, I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be:
You'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many.

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of ev'ry age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon he ſent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become
As gardens grace'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worſhipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
Yo dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t'ye,
in anſwer

To

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, That rock and ſtone,
In your opinion all are one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reas'ning ſo profound,
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo different to confound
t' our ſenſes ?

Except you judg'd 'em by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block :
Such on experimental ſtroke
convinces.

Then might you be by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion:
'Gainſt feeling there's no diſputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit :
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one aſſertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook.
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took),
you'll find, Sir.

S, H, E, *ſhe* —— and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan* —— makes up the three
ſyllables.

Dan

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

ANSWER by Dr. DELANY.

ASsist me, my muse, whilst I labour to lim him
Credite Pisones isti tabulæ persimilem,
You look and you write with so indiff'rent a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I didn't your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough.
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd, you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your Harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the deel should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's cranny
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.
Tho' I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphell.

Next, as to the charge which you tell us is true,
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew:
Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;

Had

Had your nose been the muse, we had ne'er been
inspir'd,
Though perhaps it might justly've been said we were
fir'd,

As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with't, but presume to make merry,
You call Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now, if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then I can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verse,
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan sends to *merry* Dan answer.

ANSWER by Dr. SHERIDAN.

THree merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But invious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.

For were all forms of beauty thine.
Were you like Nereus, soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man:
'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and fleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-fhops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning-hours you paſs
To cull end gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
Forbear it.

Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it,
Drink claret.

Your cheeks by fleeking are ſo clean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wain,
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done,
You have made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t'your gullet!

DAN JACKSON's Reply.

Written by the DEAN in the name of DAN JACKSON.

WEary'd with ſaying grace and pray'r,
I haſten'd down to country-air,
To read your anſwer, and prepare
reply to't

But your fair lines ſo groſsly flatter,
Pray do they praiſe me or beſpatter?
I much ſuſpect you mean the latter,
ah fly-boot!

It muſt be ſo; what elſe, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that ſtuff of toilet, glas,
and box-bomb?

But be't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you're a daub, whilſt I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of nooſe,
Your gibes and all your foul abuſe,
More than the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou ſorry ſcarecrow of ſkin and bone,
To be call'd lean by a ſkeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
You ſeem to praiſe to make amends,
And yet before your ſtanza ends,
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my noſe
about me.

I paſs now where you ſleer and laugh,
'Cauſe I call Dan my better half!
Oh, there you think you have me ſafe!
but hold, Sir,

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my moſt profound,
and bold Sir,

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry baſe;
So Dan's the better though the leſs,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant.

As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes *ſher*, and R I makes *ry*,
Good ſpelling maſter, your crany
has lead on't.

Another REPLY by the DEAN in DAN JACKSON'S name.

THree days for anſwer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou force'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge that a noſe
Of thy dimenſions fit for proſe;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill ſpelling, for ill lines.
And fly with hurry to *Ramines*:
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore,
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, proſtration is enough
to th' lion.

SHEIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

Written by the DEAN.

Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,
Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas, ego vapulo tantum.

Poor Sherry, inglorious
To Dan the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave
Your now ſudu'd and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon,
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I, vanquiſh'd, fled the town,
Purſu'd and laid me hard on.

Now

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry, *Peccavi*,
And proſtrate, ſupplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conq'ror and my King,
In pard'ning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas, Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any.
'Twas the damn'd 'ſquire with the hard name;
The de'il too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your Highneſs,
And then with wonted will and ſlineſs,
They left me in the lurch.
Unhappy wretch! for now I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch;

And they, alas, yield ſmall relief
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For ev'ry ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

TOM MULLINIX and DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees;
Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter,

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commence'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His can upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

AS when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſues wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,
With powder'd rump, and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gypſey viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh t——d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

Imitated from COWLEY.

To DICK.

FOuleſt brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear!

For

For, wouldſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
  Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow,
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun;
  His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Nor one jot better looks the ſun
  Seen from behind a dirty cloud:
So t——ds within a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
  All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in ev'ry part,
  Thy body's clothed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which thro' thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
  When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
  As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldſt be pelted worſe than they're.

Yet when we hear thee thus array'd,
  The neighbours think it is but juſt,
That thou ſhouldſt take an honeſt trade,
  And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Duſt to carry out?"

DICK's VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
  I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.

You

You, Mullinix, and flobb'ring C——,
Who ev'ry hour and day the ſame are ;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of idiots roaring to the boys ;
To better judgements ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in :
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.

But then conſider, Dick, you'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind ;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcours the ſtreets without a ſhirt ;
Though Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture ev'ry where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare ;
He'd have 'em tried at the aſſizes
For prieſts and Jeſuits in diſguiſes :
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk
No other monkey half ſo briſk ;
Now has the Speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the houſe of peers ;
Now ſcolding at my Lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Babby in her new ſtays.
Preſto begone : with t'other hop
He's powd'ring in a barber's ſhop ;
Now at the antechamber thruſting
His noſe, to get the circle juſt in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there :
Then woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of HORACE, addreſſed to Dr. WILLIAM KING, late Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin.

Paulum ſepultæ, &c.

VIrtue conceal'd within our breaſt,
Is inactivity at beſt:
But never ſhall the muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteddy ſoul preſerves her frame
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice, and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wiſely knows
To uſe the gifts that heav'n beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the pow'rs divine,
Can ſuffer want, and not repine.
The man who, infamy to ſhun,
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country, or his friend.

VERSES

VERSES made for women who cry apples, &c.

APPLES.

COme buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in heaven,
My huſband's a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I muſt maintain 'em.

ASPARAGUS.

RIpe 'ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

ONIONS.

COme, follow me by the ſmell,
Here's delicate onions to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well,
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is ev'ry cook's opinion:
No ſav'ry diſh without an onion:

But

But leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be th'roughly boil'd;
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHarming oyſters I cry,
My maſters come buy,
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is the fleſh,
No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And Madam your wife
They'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide *,
Better ne'er was try'd.

* Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

Come eat 'em with pure freſh butter and muſtard,
Their bellies ars ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſixpence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

COme buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale,
Well roaſted with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentlefolks ſup.

To LOVE.

IN all I wiſh how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee?
So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe,
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious; let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare.
Where held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But what does moſt my indignation move,
Diſcretion thou wert ne'er a friend to Love!
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loit'ring god is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden pointed darts away;
Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs god ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;

But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, curs'd Diſcretion! all the fault was thine.
Cupid and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds betwixt thoſe kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike Diſcretion to the ſhades below.

The following lines were wrote upon a very old glaſs of Sir ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRail glaſs, thou mortal art, as well as I,
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

Anſwered extempore by Dr. SWIFT.

WE both are mortal; but thou frailer creature
Mayſt die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

VERSES

VERSES cut by two of the DEAN's friends *, upon a pane of glass in one of his parlours.

A Bard, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t'acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing.
To the god he'd be grateful, but mortals he'd chuse
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the god would in honour bear most of th' expence:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer white and sheer wine.

On another window.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves should be treated.
In the day of good John †, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, no choice of good wine.

* These were written by Dr. Delany in conjunction with Stella, and produced the verses, intitled, Apollo to the Dean.

† Dr. John Stearn, late Lord Bishop of Clogher, who had been the predecessor of Dr. Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, and was always distinguished for his great hospitality.

In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, no choice of good meat.
Oh Jove, then how fully might all ſides be bleſt,
Wouldſt thou but agree to this humble requeſt:
Put both deans in one, or if that's too much trouble,
Inſtead of the deans, make the dean'ry double.

An EPITAPH by Dr. SWIFT to the memory of FREDERICK Duke of SCHOMBERG, who was unhappily killed in croſſing the river Boyne on the 1ſt of July 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral, where the Dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour at their own expence.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere
etiam atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HEREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpe orando nil profecere;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
* Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,

* The words that Dr. Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were, "Saltem ut ſciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris "cineres deliteſcunt." For the author was always heard to ſpeak with great reverence of the memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious maſter K. William; and indeed of all others who have ſtruggled for the liberties of theſe kingdoms, againſt the repeated attempts of arbitrary power. *Dub. edit.*

Ubinam

Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres delitescunt.

Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.
A. D. 1731.

A BALLAD on the Game of TRAFFIC *.

Written at the castle of Dublin, in the time of the Earl of Berkeley's government.

MY Lord †, to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the Doctor out.

* By casting our eyes over this ballad, we may observe in what manner the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, and their little group at the castle of Dublin, spent their evenings in private, when they were totally disengaged from the noise, the hustle, and the plague of business and ceremony. The several characters which make up this little group, are the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, Mrs. Biddy Floyd, Mrs. Herries, Mrs. Weston, and Dr. Swift. This ballad appears to have been designed as a piece of raillery upon the whole set, and written purely from their domestic entertainment. This poem is far as it runs, is full of mirth and humour; the second stanza in particular is wonderfully striking.

" But then his honour cry'd," &c.

The surprise of my Lord Berkeley, and the bringing Jack How to remembrance upon the sight of a knave, for no other reason than because he was a famous anti-courtier in those times, perpetually opposing and thwarting the measures of K. William in the house of commons, is a whimsical peace of drollery in the poetic strain, especially when addressed to a court lord in one of the highest employments. We are at a loss to know whether any more characters were designed to have been introduced into this ballad; but we may reasonably suppose there were, because in reality it seemeth to have been broken off in the very midst of its career. However, indeed the politeness of Dr. Swift would not suffer him to enlarge or correct it, after my Lady Betty Berkeley had in a manner given it the finishing stroke; on occasion of which he writ the Ballad to the tune of the cutpurse, which hath abundance of life, humour, pleasantry, and politeness. *Swift.*

† The Earl of Berkeley.

But then his Honour cry'd, Godzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow;
For on a knave he never looks
But h'thinks upon Jack How.

My Lady, though ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And wedg'd in corner of a chair
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

Dame Floyd * looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But wiſely cautious of her pence
The caſtle ſeldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a crown,
'Twill juſt new dye the lining.

"With theſe is Parſon Swift,
"Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
"Does make a wretched ſhift,
"To deafen them with puns and rhyme †."

* Biddy Floyd. See letter to Colonel Hunter.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the author's room unfiniſhed, underwrit the laſt ſtanza, and left the paper where ſhe had found it.

VERSES said to be written on the UNION.

THE Queen ‡ has lately loſt a part
Of her entirely-Engliſh heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piece'd it up again with Scotch.
Bleſs'd revolution, which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!
See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of frize:
As if a man in making poſies
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſmen dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel;
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

‡ Anne.

* WILL

* WILL WOOD's petition to the people of Ireland, being an excellent new SONG.

Suppoſed to be made and ſung in the ſtreet of Dublin, by WILLIAM WOOD, ironmonger and half-penny-monger, 1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence ſo fine:
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight,
Obſerve how they gliſter and ſhine.

They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; threepence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding *.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

* The Drapier's printer.

The

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your ſhoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d——d,
He may ſwear he hath nothing to loſe.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thouſands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers.
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade †:
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a ſon of a whore,
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

An EPIGRAM on WOOD's BRASS MONEY.

CArt'ret was welcom'd to the ſhore,
Firſt with the brazen canons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;

† Two famous bankers.

Approach-

Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bell ſalute his ears:
But when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

ANOTHER.

On the D——E of C——S.

J——s B——s was the Dean's familiar friend:
James grows a Duke; their friendſhip here muſt end.
Surely the Dean deſerves a ſore rebuke,
From knowing James, to ſay he knows a Duke.

An EPIGRAM on SCOLDING.

GReat folks are of a finer mold!
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a courſe Engliſh tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LEſbia mî dicit ſemper male; nec tacit unquam
De me, Leſbia me, diſpeream niſi amat.
Quo ſigno? quia ſunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
Aſſiduè; verum, diſpeream, niſi amo.

IN

IN ENGLISH.

LEsbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this; I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her ev'ry hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

Mr. JASON HASSARD, a woolen-drapier in Dublin, put up the sign of the golden fleece, and desired a motto in verse.

JAson, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the golden fleece;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff;
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful dragon *,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

The AUTHOR's manner of living.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick, and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:

* England.

But

But this my ſervant much enrages.
No ſcraps remain to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſpunge upon a friend:
Yet when he's not ſo rich as I;
I pay my club, and ſo good b'y'——.

To a LADY, who deſired the author to write ſome verſes upon her in the heroic ſtyle.

Written at London in the year 1726.

AFter venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry error I would find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy muſe employ'd,
Till the company is cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Theſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady ſays;
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wand'ring head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs:
If I always ſeem ſo dull t'ye,
I can ſolve the diffi—culty.

You

You would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation;
How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate,
Mr. Dean, you come too late;
Well I know you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies from my youth inſtill'd
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd:
In my head and heart they centre;
Nor will let your leſſons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heireſs;
Dreſs'd like any lady-may'reſs;
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of ev'ry lady
Should be one continual playday;
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my caſe at large;
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduce'd into a poem.
But I beg ſuſpend a while
That ſame paltry burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule:
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court nor parliament can 'ſcape ye;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime;
Treat not me with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce
With each fault each fault's excuſe:
Not to publiſh ev'ry trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me,
Am I ſpiteful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all your modern dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rue or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite with-hold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſleer and gibe?
Who, with leſs-deſigning ends,
Kindlier entertains their friends?
With good words and count'nance ſprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.

Think not cards my chief diverſion;
'Tis a wrong unjuſt aſperſion:
Never knew I any good in 'um,
But to doze my head like *lodanum*:
We by play, as men by drinking,
Paſs our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure;
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure;
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.

Now,

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean you muſt reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.

Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Live an humble, prudent wife;
Anſwer all domeſtic ends,
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod:
Though by your obliging ſway
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a ſmile,
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtile;
Load our plates from ev'ry diſh;
This is not the thing we wiſh.
Col'nel —— may be your debtor,
We expect employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good ſenſe to entertain us.

Scholars, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it taſting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to underſtand and think:
We may carve for others thus,
And let others carve for us:
To diſcourſe, and to attend,
Is, to help yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but carving:
Carve for all yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to ev'ry gueſt:
Than he's able to digeſt:

Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but juſt enough;
Let them neither ſtarve nor ſtuff:
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This compariſon will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How converſing, liſt'ning,, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtil?

To conclude this long eſſay:
Pardon if I diſobey;
Nor againſt my nat'ral vein
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.
I, as all the pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in proſe:
Still to laſh, and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty ſtyle.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth,
Wicked miniſters of ſtate,
I can eaſier ſcorn, than hate:
And I find it anſwers right;
Scorn torments them more than ſpight.
All the vices of a court
Do but ſerve to make me ſport.
Were I in ſome foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;

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What

When my muſe officious ventures
On the nation's repreſenters.
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whoſe oars, like ſlaves, they all pull;
Let the veſſel ſplit on ſhelves;
With the fright enrich themſelves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names.
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage.
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them if I cou'd)
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch.
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate,
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pult'ney deep, accompliſh'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſom,
Strip their bums, let Caleb * horſe 'em,
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.

Duce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this paſſion mean!
Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
On corruptions running riot,
End, as it befits your ſtation:
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit and anſwer thus.

* Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called the *Craftſman*. Theſe papers are ſuppoſed to be written by the Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr. Pulteney, created Earl of Bath.

If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the pow'r
To affect me half an hour;
(Sooner would I write, in buskins,
Mournful elegies on * Bluskins);
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
This I must insist on. For, as
It is well observ'd by † Horace,
Ridicule has greater pow'r
To reform the world, than four.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle:
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.

I who love to have a fling
Both at s——n——e-h—— and k——;

* A famous thief, who was hanged some years since.

† "Ridiculum acri
"Fortius et melius, &c."

That

That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhow their vices odious;
Which I chuſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer:
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming;
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault);
Would you have me change my ſtyle;
On your faults no longer ſmile,
But, to patch up all your quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching wiſdom's uſe?

If I treat you like a C——d H——,
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. J——s?
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found;
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.

Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You could ſwear it pierce'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down,
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,

Such

Such a rocket is my muſe;
Should I lofty numbers chuſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt. and burſting drop.
All my fire would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart a while;
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain,
Ent'ring warm your frigid brain:
Make you able upon ſight,
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on:
Learn to reliſh Truth and Reaſon?

Thus we ſhould gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

The DISCOVERY *.

WHEN wiſe Lord Berkley firſt came here,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders;
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks come thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate.

* When the Earl of Berkeley went over to Ireland as one of the Lords Juſtices, the author, in compliance with his invitation, went over with him as chaplain and private ſecretary. But Buſh, another of the Earl's attendants, having inſinuated, that the place of ſecretary was not proper for a clergyman, found means, ſoon after they arrived at Dublin, to obtain it for himſelf.—Swift, fired with indignation at this injurious treatment, writ this ſatirical copy of verſes. *Swift.*

To

To give the town and country ſport.
Now enters Buſh † with new ſtate-airs,
His Lordſhip's premier miniſter;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyſter ‡,
With head reclining on his ſhoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Aſks of his neighbour, Who is that?
With this he put up to my Lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due,
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my Lord and Buſh
Whiſp'ring in junto moſt profound,
Like good King Phyz, and good King Uſh *,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a ſpark not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advance'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand diſpute;
To learn what northern kings deſign,
Or from Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin;
For ſure (thought he) it cant't be leſs.
My Lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I
Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats:
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's Excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My Lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs

† My Lord's wiſe ſecretary.
‡ Always taken before my Lord went to council.
* Vide the rehearſal.

By

By all means to bring down the rates:
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our lift'ner stood a while confus'd,
But gath'ring spirits wisely ran for't,
Enrage'd to see the world abus'd
By two such whisp'ring kings of Brentford.

The PROBLEM.

That my Lord B——ley stinks when he's in love.———

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink!
The ladies vow and swear they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my Lord by stool and sweat;
Which brings a stink from ev'ry pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite nymph can smell it.
But now to solve the nat'ral cause
By sober philosophic laws:
Whether all passions when in ferment,
Work out, as anger does in vermin;
So when a weazel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh——
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of Cupid's bow,

Once

Once on a time was an a——gut,
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t——
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human a——.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f——
Watching the first unsav'ry wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My Lord, on fire amidst the dames,
F——ts like a laurel in the flames,
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the backway to his heart,
For as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first:
So from my Lord his passion broke,
He farted first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink, by G———, you lie,
Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear,
Let's not fall out, we all had share;

And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My Lord's an univerſal lover.

A Love-Poem from a Physician to his Mistress.

Written at London in the year 1738 *.

BY poets we are well aſſur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be cur'd:
A complicated heap of ills,
Deſpiſing boluſes and pills,
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I ſtrain my guts, my colon wound:
Now, jealouſy my grumbling tripes
Aſſaults with grating, grinding gripes:
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me ſpue.
When I an am'rous kiſs deſign'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall,
Remember how I ſuck'd it all;
What colic pangs from thence I felt.
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces,
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hæmorrhoids,
And loathſome worms my anus voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd,

* Dean Swift was not in London after the year 1727.

Which breaking out in boils and blanes,
With yellow filth my linen ſtains.
Or, parch'd with an unextinguiſh'd thirſt,
Small beer I guzzle till I burſt :
And then I drag a bloated corpus,
Swell'd with a dropſy like a porpus ;
When, if I cannot purge or ſtale,
I muſt be tapp'd to fill a pail.

On a PRINTER's being ſent to Newgate, by ———.

BEtter we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves ;
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey :
Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants !
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear :
But ſhould a lordly pike appear,
Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach ;
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

On the little houſe by the church-yard of CASTLENOOK.

WHoever pleaſeth to inquire,
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,

The grey old fellow, poet Joe *,
The philoſophic cauſe will ſhow.
Once on a time a weſtern blaſt
At leaſt twelve inches overcaſt,
Reck'ning roof, weather-cock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topſy-turvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper ſtation.

This is the little ſtrutting pile.
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock:
From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls
The ſteeple, Knock, the vicar, * Walls.

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpris'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.

A ſchoolboy ran unto't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was force'd for ſafety to alight;
And ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.
* Reverend Archdeacon Wall.

Warburton

Warburton took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe, or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnſon gave her verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it;
All that you make this ſtir about,
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout,
The Rev'rend Dr. * Raymond gueſs'd,
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The Doctor's family came by,
And little Miſs began to cry,
Give me that houſe in my own hand:
Then Madam bad the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child;
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk ſaid to her in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country-ſeat,
Where he comes ev'ry week from town?
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow keep not ſuch a pother,
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says † Nancy, I can make for Miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

* Miniſter of Trim.

† The waiting-woman.

Upon ſtealing a CROWN when the Dean was aſleep.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEar Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes,
Like ghoſt I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour door;
For ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe!
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound.
Then ſleep, my friend, dear Dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own.
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

The DEAN's anſwer.

SO, about twelve at night the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt diff'rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and ſixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut——

* An Engliſh ſhilling paſſes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

But

But 'tis obſerv'd that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteel one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the Lady at St. Cath'rines †
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham ‡,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.
Saturday night.

* An EPITAPH on Dr. SWIFT's dog.

OF all the dogs array'd in fur,
Here under lies the trueſt cur.
He knew no tricks, he never flatter'd:
Nor thoſe he fawn'd upon, beſpatter'd:
So far a courtier, he would wait,
And condeſcend to lick a plate:
But never ſtrove, O Swift, when fed,
To bite the hand which gave him bread.

Oh, that your dogs, who walk on two,
Had only been but half as true!
Through thick and thin, replete or hollow,
Thy ſteps unerring he would follow;
While they who pride on being ſcholars,
Deſert thee now with golden collars;
Or, like Actæon's horrid pack,
Return, to fall upon thy back.

† Lady Montcaſhel.

‡ Agmondiſham Veſey, Eſq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great eſteem.

The author and his friends used to divert themselves for amusement in making riddles; some of which have been printed, and were well received; as we hope the following will be, although we cannot tell the authors of each. [See vol. 8. p. 80.]

A RIDDLE.

I With borrow'd silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I shew yon but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole.
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain),
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heav'n or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you see.

ANOTHER.

BEgotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,

Like

Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when ſtrongeſt confin'd,
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark:
The moment I get one, my ſoul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

ANOTHER.

THere is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heav'n, and earth and hell,
Where many for a paſſage venture,
But very few are fond to enter:
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way;
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know,
Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe,
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate,
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

ANO-

A N O T H E R.

FRom heav'n I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to inſnare.
Though ſo much of heav'n appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

A N O T H E R.

I'M up, and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I'm found almoſt in ev'ry garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

A N O T H E R.

I Am jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night;

Yet

Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes is panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar I can ſoar,
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice:
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet.
And ſo apply'd to diff'rent uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic pow'r:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour;
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper-wings.
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats,
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

ANOTHER.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,

Never

Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

ANOTHER.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features,
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

ANOTHER.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one title of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk,
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind them where we pleaſe.

One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,

But

But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.

Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thouſand canons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more;
Yet but one of us is found
Who regard the dreadful ſound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can ſmell.

ANOTHER.

FONTINELLA to FLORINDA.

WHen on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white;
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight:
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah

Ah lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And so am I whilst thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time,
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again,
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

ANOTHER.

Never speaking, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak,
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring,
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;

Then I clash, and roar and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a silent breath.
And a whisper is my death.

ANOTHER.

MOst things by me do rise and fall,
And as I please they're great and small;
Invading foes, without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance;
Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe,
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea,
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies;
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind.
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span.
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant;
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

ANOTHER.

WE are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone.
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEar Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gallſtown lads (for ſuch they are)
Beſides a brace of grave divines
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines;
Smooth as our baſons ſilver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a——s,
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes.
Compar'd with which, (and that's enough),
A ſmoothing-ir'n itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation place'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brace'd.
Thus, a wiſe tailor is not pinching,
But turns at ev'ry ſeem an inch in,
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.

Thy

Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd, and ſhort are,
Like walls more laſting without mortar;
By leaving out the needleſs vowels,
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd, like a box;
Thy muſe is tuckt up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt.
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the umbo of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind:
So in the kindred painter's art
The ſhort'ning is the niceſt part.

Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or, elſe to ſhew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Wherein they need not loſe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number, and weight, and meaſure join;
Then all muſt grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muſt allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long noſe.

A REBUS written by a LADY * on the Reverend Dean SWIFT. With his Answer.

CUT the name of the MAN who his mistress deny'd, *Joseph.*
And let the first of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet who DAVID did chide. *Nathan.*
Then say, what a horse is that runs very fast,
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, put them together, to find
The *name* and the *virtues* of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer, he flies to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

The ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a *Rebus*, the last but a *Dean*.
A Dean's but a parson; and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the muses or Phœbus;
The corruption of verse; for when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.

* Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

But

But a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the Dean a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the wit that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond rate poet a year,
Thus much for the verſe, we proceed to the next,
Where the Nymph has entirely forſaken her text:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what ſhe deſcribes to be merit is treaſon:
The changes which faction had made in the ſtate,
Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And ſhould he write pamphlets, no great man would read 'em;
And ſhould want or deſert ſtand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull-founder'd jade.

Written by the Rev. Dr. SWIFT on his own DEAFNESS.

VErtiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana ſonans, tonitru non ab Jove miſſum,
Quod mage mirandum, ſaltem ſi credere fas eſt,
Non clamoſa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

In ENGLISH.

DEaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:

At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

A Letter to Dr. HELSHAM.

SIR, *Nov.* 23. 1731, *at night.*

WHen left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick:
I'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick:
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpue-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew-ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe's anew-ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue-ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a croud, when you ſweat and ſtew-ſick?
Lady Santry got out of the church * when ſhe grew ſick,
And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the deanry flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can aſſure you 'tis true) ſick;
For who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſic would make a fanatic or Jew ſick:
Yet ladies are ſeldom at ombre or lue ſick:
Nor is old Nanny Shales †, whene'er ſhe does brew ſick.

* St. Patrick's cathedral, where the muſic on St. Cæcilia's day was uſually performed.

† Vide "Gratton inter Belcamp et Clenſhoh."

My

My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the ſtews ſick;
But you, learned doctors, can make whom you chuſe ſick.
Poor I myſelf I was, when I withdrew, ſick.
For the ſmell of them made me like Garlic and rue ſick.
And I got through the croud, though not led by a clue ſick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) ſick;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due) ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glue, ſick.
So are ladies in crouds, when they ſqueeze and they ſcrew, ſick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, ſick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, *at night.*

IF I write any more, it will make my poor muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſcue, ſick.

A Letter to Dr. Helsham.

SIR,

Pray diſcruciate what follows.

THE dulleſt beaſt, and gentleman's liquor,
When young, is often due to the vicar.

The dulleſt of beaſts, and ſwines delight,
Make up a bird very ſwift of flight.

The dulleſt beaſt when high in ſtature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a uſeful creature.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a party diſtreſt,
When too long, is bad at beſt.

The dulleſt beaſt, and the ſaddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dulleſt beaſt and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horſe go, though he be not fat.

The dulleſt of beaſts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Iriſhmen ſwear.

The dulleſt beaſt and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a perſon very unfit for intrigues.

The dulleſt beaſt and a cobler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for a ſchool,
In ſummer is very pleaſant and cool.

The

The dulleſt beaſt, and that which you kiſs,
May break a limb of maſter or miſs.

Of ſerpent-kind, and what at diſtance kills,
Poor Miſtreſs Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dulleſt beaſt, and eggs unſound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what covers a houſe,
Without it a writer is not worth a louſe.

The dulleſt beaſt, and ſcandalous vermin,
Of roaſt or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what's cover'd with cruſt,
There's no body but a fool that would truſt.

The dulleſt beaſt mending highways,
Is to a horſe an evil diſeaſe.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a hole in the ground,
Will dreſs a dinner worth five pound.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what doctors pretend
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dulleſt beaſt, and fiſh for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a ſhameful jeer,
Without it a lady ſhould never appear.

Wedneſday night.

I writ all theſe before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, becauſe I cannot do it.

PROBA-

PROBATUR ALITER

A Long-ear'd beaſt, and a field-houſe for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.
A long-ear'd beaſt, a bird that prates,
The bridegroom's firſt gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Chriſtians thought,
In clergymen the greateſt fault.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a ſcold, that will mend her.
With a long-ear'd beaſt and med'cines uſe,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and ſpruce.
A long-eard beaſt, and holy fable,
Strengthens the ſhoes of half the rabble.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and Rheniſh wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and Flanders college,
Is Dr. T———l to my knowledge.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and building knight;
Cenſorious people do in ſpight.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and bird of night,
We ſinners are too apt to ſlight.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and ſhameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and Iriſh cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a ſmart.
A long-ear'd beaſt in mud to lie,
No bird in air ſo ſwift can fly.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and a ſputt'ring old Whig,
I wiſh he were in it, and dancing a jig.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable ſmell both morning and night.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the child of a ſheep,
At whiſt they will make a deſperate ſweep.

A long-

A long-ear'd beaſt, and till midnight you ſtay,
Will cover a houſe much better than clay.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the drink you love beſt,
You call him a ſloven in earneſt or jeſt.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the ſixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unleſs I look'd better.
A long-ear'd beaſt give me, and eggs unſound,
Or elſe I will not ride one inch of ground.
A long-ear'd beaſt, another name for jeer,
To ladies ſkins there's nothing comes ſo near.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and kind noſe of a cat,
Is uſeful in journeys, take notice of that.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and what ſeaſons your beef,
On ſuch an occaſion the law gives relief.
A long-ear'd beaſt, a thing that force muſt drive in,
Bears up his houſe, that's of his own contriving.

TOM's metamorphoſis into a POET and SPANIEL.

TOM was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and dance'd to his own jig;
Good-natur'd, but a little ſilly,
Irreſolute, and ſhally-ſhilly:
What he ſhould do he could not gueſs:
They mov'd him like a man at cheſs.
Swift told him once that he had wit:
Swift was in jeſt, poor Tom was bit;
Thought himſelf ſon of ſecond Phœbus.
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But ſwallow'd ſo much water down,
He got a dropſy: now they ſay 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes;

And

And all the liquor he has paſt,
Is without ſpirit, ſalt, or taſte.
But ſince it paſt, Tom thought it wit;
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
He writ the wonder of all wonders,
He writ the blunder of all blunders:
He writ a merry farce for puppet,
Taught actors how to ſqueak and hop it;
A treatiſe on the wooden man *;
A ballad on the noſe of Dan †;
The art of making April fools,
And four and thirty punning rules:
The learned ſay, that Tom went ſnacks
With philomaths for almanacks;
Though they divided are, ſome ſay
He writ for Whaley, ſome for Campſey ‡.
Hundreds there are who will make oath,
He writ alternately for both:
For though they made the calculations,
Tom writ the monthly obſervations.
Such were his writings: but his chatter
Was one continued clitter clatter.
Swift ſlit his tongue, and made him talk,
Cry *Cup of ſack*, and *Walk*, *knaves*, *walk*:
And fitted little prating Poll,
For wiry cage in common hall;
Made him expert at quibble jargon,
And quaint at ſelling of a bargain.
Poll he could talk in different linguo's,
But he could never learn diſtinguo's:
Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat,
Into a ſpaniel turn'd his parrot:
Made him to walk on his hind-legs,
And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
Then cuts a caper o'er a ſtick,
Lies cloſe, will whine, and creep, and lick.

* The ſign of a wooden man in Eſſex-ſtreet, Dublin.
† A perſon remarkable for a noſe of an enormous ſize.
‡ Two almanack-makers in Dublin.

Swift puts a bit upon his ſnout,
Poor Tom he dares not look about;
But ſoon as Swift once gives the word,
He ſnaps it up, though 'twere a t——d.

* Mrs. PILKINGTON to Dr. SWIFT, on his Birthday.

WHile I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold!
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er,
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus ſhine
In ev'ry excellence divine;
I grieve, that our degen'rate days
Produce no mighty ſouls like theſe;
Patriot, philoſopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and ſeldom heard.
Spare your reflection, Phœbus cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwiſe;
Can you complain this ſacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold in Swift reviv'd appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years:
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and ſage unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame.

A LOVE-SONG.

APud in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
Alo veri findit a geſtis,
His miſeri ne ver at reſtis.

An EPIGRAM on DIC.

DIC, heris agro at, an da quarto finale,
Fora ringat ure nos, an da ſtringat ure tale.

The LIFE and genuine CHARACTER of the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

Written by himſelf.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The verſes on the death of Dr. Swift, written by himſelf being very much inquired after by his friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, although he never ſuffered any of them to take one; the following was publiſhed with breaks, daſhes, and triplets, (which the author never made uſe of), to diſguiſe his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not publiſhed until the year 1739: but, in order to oblige the reader, we publiſhed the following, (although he would not own it); which, the beſt judges allow, hath many fine ſtrokes of wit and humour *.

To the READER.

This poetical account of the Life and Character of the reverend Dr. Swift, ſo celebrated through the world for his many ingenious writings, was occaſioned by a maxim of Rochefoucault; and is now publiſhed

* See the verſes on Swift's Death, in vol. S. p. 12.

from

from the author's laſt correct copy, being dedicated by the publiſher to Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Eſq.

To Alexander Pope, Eſq;

Of Twickenham, in the county of Middleſex.

AS you have been long an intimate friend of the author of the following poem, I thought you would not be diſpleaſed with being informed of ſome particulars, how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently, procured a copy.

It ſeems the Dean, in converſation with ſome friends, ſaid, he could gueſs the diſcourſe of the world concerning his character after his death, and thought it might be no improper ſubject for a poem. This happened above a year before he finiſhed it; for it was written by ſmall pieces, juſt as leiſure or humour allowed him.

He ſhewed ſome parts of it to ſeveral friends, and when it was completed, he ſeldom refuſed the ſight of it to any viſiter: ſo that, probably, it hath been peruſed by fifty perſons; which being againſt his uſual practice, many people judged, likely enough, that he had a deſire to make the people of Dublin impatient to ſee it publiſhed, and at the ſame time to diſappoint them: for he never would be prevailed on to grant a copy, and yet ſeveral lines were retained by memory, and are often repeated in Dublin.

It is thought, that one of his ſervants, in whom he had great confidence, and who had acceſs to his cloſet, took an opportunity, while his maſter was riding ſome miles out of town, to tranſcribe the whole poem: and it is probable, that the ſervant lent it to others, who were not truſty, (as is generally the caſe). By this accident I having got a

very correct copy from a friend in Dublin, lie under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very good judges, friends of the Dean, (if I may venture to say so to you, who are such a superior judge and poet), who are well acquainted with the author's style and manner; and they all allow it to be genuine, as well as perfectly finished and correct; his particular genius appearing in every line, together with his peculiar way of thinking and writing.

I should be very sorry to offend the Dean, although I am a perfect stranger to his person: but since the poem will infallibly be soon printed, either here or in Dublin, I take myself to have the best title to send it to the press; and I shall direct the printer to commit as few errors as possible.

I am, SIR, with the greatest respect,

From my chambers in the Inner-Temple, London, April 1. 1733.

your most obedient, and most humble servant,
L. M.

The LIFE and CHARACTER of Dr. SWIFT.

Upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault *.

WHse Rochefoucault a maxim writ,
Made up of malice, truth, and wit:
If what he says be not a joke,
We mortals are strange kind of folk.

But hold:——before we farther go,
'Tis fit the maxim we should know.

* See the maxim, in vol. 8. p. 12.

He

He ſays, " Whenever fortune ſends
" Diſaſters to our deareſt friends,
" Although we outwardly may grieve,
" We oft are laughing in our ſleeve."
And when I think upon't this minute,
I fancy there is ſomething in it.

We ſee a com'rade get a fall,
Yet laugh our hearts out, one and all.

Tom for a wealthy wife looks round,
A nymph that brings ten thouſand pound:
He no where could have better pick'd;
A rival comes, and Tom——is nick'd——
See how behave his friends profeſt,
They turn the matter to a jeſt;
Loll out their tongues, and thus they talk,
" Poor Tom has got a plaguy baulk!"——

I could give inſtances enough,
That human friendſhip is but ſtuff.
Whene'er a flatt'ring puppy cries,
You are his deareſt friend;—— he lies:
To loſe a guinea at piquet,
Would make him rage, and ſtorm, and fret;
Bring from his heart ſincerer groans,
Than if he heard you broke your bones.

Come, tell me truly, would you take well,
Suppoſe your friend and you were equal,
To ſee him always foremoſt ſtand,
Affect to take the upper hand,
And ſtrive to paſs in public view
For much a better man than you?
Envy, I doubt, would powerful prove,
And get the better of your love:
'Twould pleaſe your palate, like a feaſt,
To ſee him mortify'd at leaſt——

'Tis true, we talk of friendſhip much,
But who are they that can keep touch?——
True friendſhip in two breaſts requires
The ſame averſions and deſires:
My friend ſhould have, when I complain,
A fellow-feeling of my pain.

Yet, by experience, oft we find,
Our friends are of a diff'rent mind;
And were I tortur'd with the gout,
They'd laugh to ſee me make a rout,
Glad that themſelves could walk about.

Let me ſuppoſe two ſpecial friends,
And each to poetry pretends;
Would either poet take it well,
To hear the other bore the bell?——
His rival for the chiefeſt reckon'd,
Himſelf paſs only for the ſecond!——

When you are ſick, your friends, you ſay,
Will ſend their howd'ye's ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you ſmall relief!——
They ſend for manners;—not for grief;——
Nor, if you dy'd, would fail to go
That ev'ning to a puppet ſhow:———
Yet come in time to ſhow their loves,
And get a hat-band, ſcarf, and gloves.

To make theſe truths the better known,
Let me ſuppoſe the caſe my own.

The day will come when't ſhall be ſaid,
"D'ye hear the news?—— the Dean is dead!——
"Poor man: he went all on a ſudden!——
H'as dropp'd, and "giv'n the crow a pudding!"
What money was behind him found?
"I hear about two thouſand pound———

"'Tis

" 'Tis own'd he was a man of wit,"———
Yet many a fooliſh thing he writ;———
" And ſure he muſt be deeply learn'd!———
That's more than ever I diſcern'd!———
" I know his neareſt friends complain,
" He was too airy for a Dean.———
" He was an honeſt man, I'll ſwear:"———
Why, Sir, I differ from you there;
For I have heard another ſtory,
He was a moſt confounded Tory!———
" Yet here we had a ſtrong report,
" That he was well receiv'd at court."——
Why, then it was, I do aſſert,
Their goodneſs, more than his deſert———
He grew, or elſe his comrades ly'd,
Confounded dull,—before he dy'd.

He hop'd to have a lucky hit,
Some medals ſent him for his wit;
But truly there the Dean was bit———
" And yet, I think, for all your jokes,
" His claim as good as other folks"——

" Muſt we the drapier then forget?
" Is not our nation in his debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"——
He ſhould have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen——
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding!
Who in his ſatires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;——
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp, all one to him.———

But why would he, except he ſlobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert;

Whoſe

Whoſe councils aid the ſov'reign pow'r,
To ſave the nation ev'ry hour?
What ſcenes of evil he unravels,
In ſatires, libels, lying travels!
Not ſparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth.——

" If he makes mankind bad as elves,
" Anſwer, they may thank themſelves:
" If vice can never be abaſh'd,
" It muſt be ridicul'd or laſh'd."
But if I chance to make a ſlip,
What right had he to hold the whip?

" If you reſent it, who's to blame?
" He neither knew you, nor your name.
" Should vice expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" becauſe its owner is a duke;
" Vice is a vermin, ſportſmen ſay
" No vermin can demand fair play,
" But ev'ry hand may juſtly ſlay."

I envy not the wits, who write
Merely to gratify their ſpite;
Thus did the Dean; his only ſcope
Was, to be held a miſanthrope,
This into general odium drew him,
Which, if he lik'd, much good may't do him:
This gave him enemies in plenty,
Throughout two realms nineteen in twenty:
His zeal was not to laſh our crimes,
But diſcontent againſt the times:
For had we made him timely offers,
To raiſe his poſt, or fill his coffers;
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of the gown.
For party he would ſcarce have bled——
I ſay no more,——becauſe he's dead.——

But

" But who could charge him to his face,
" That e'er he cringe'd to men in place ?
" His principles, of ancient date,
" Ill ſuit with thoſe profeſs'd of late ;
" The Pope, or Calvin, he'd oppoſe,
" And thought they both were equal foes :
" That church and ſtate had ſuffer'd more
" By Calvin than the ſcarlet whore :
" Thought popiſh and fanatic zeal
" Both bitter foes to Britain's weal.
" The Pope would of our faith bereave us——
" But ſtill our monarchy would leave us——
" Not ſo the vile fanatic crew ;
" That ruin'd church and monarch too.

" Suppoſing theſe reflections juſt,
" We ſhould indulge the Dean's diſguſt,
" Who ſaw this factious tribe careſs'd,
" And lovers of the church diſtreſs'd——
" The patrons of the good old cauſe,
" In ſenates ſit, in making laws ;
" The moſt malignant of the herd,
" In ſureſt way to be preferr'd ——
" And preachers find the better quarter,
" For railing at the royal martyr.

" Whole ſwarms of ſects with grief, he ſaw,
" More favour'd than the church by law :
" Thought Proteſtant too good a name
" For canting hypocrites to claim,
" Whoſe proteſtation hides a ſting
" Deſtructive to the church and king :
" Which might as well, in his opinion,
" Become an Atheiſt, or Socinian."

A Proteſtant's a ſpecial clinker ;
' It ſerves for ſceptic and free-thinker ;
" It ſerves for ſtubble, hay, and wood,
" For ev'ry thing——but what it ſhould."

What

What writings has he left behind?——
" I hear they're of a diff'rent kind:
" A few in verſe; but moſt in proſe——"
Some high-flown pamphlets, I ſuppoſe:
All ſcribbled in the worſt of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praiſe Queen Anne; nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the pretender;
Or libels yet conceal'd from ſight,——
Againſt the court to ſhew his ſpite:
Perhaps, his travels, part the third;
A lie at ev'ry ſecond word:
Offenſive to a loyal ear:——
But——not one ſermon, you may ſwear.——

" Sir, our accounts are diff'rent quite,
" And your conjectures are not right;
" 'Tis plain his writings were deſign'd
" To pleaſe, and to reform mankind:
" And if he often miſs'd his aim,
" The world muſt own it to their ſhame:
" The praiſe is his, and their's the blame.

" Then, ſince you dread no further laſhes,
" You freely may forgive his aſhes."

The End of the MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

A LET-

A LETTER to a YOUNG CLERGYMAN lately entered into Holy Orders *.

SIR, Dublin, Jan. 9. 1719-20.

ALthough it was againſt my knowledge or advice that you entered into holy orders, under the preſent diſpoſitions of mankind towards the church; yet, ſince it is now ſuppoſed too late to recede, (at leaſt according to the general practice and opinion), I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wiſh, that the circumſtances of your fortune had enabled you to have continued ſome years longer in the univerſity, at leaſt till you were ten years ſtanding; to have laid in a competent ſtock of human learning, and ſome knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world; for I cannot but lament the common courſe, which, at leaſt, nine in ten of thoſe who enter into the miniſtry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are conſequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themſelves fully diſcharged, they get into orders as ſoon as they can, (upon which I ſhall make no remarks); firſt ſolicit a readerſhip, and, if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or elſe are ſent to be aſſiſtants in the country, where they probably

* This ought to be read by all the young clergymen in the three kingdoms. Tho' it be addreſſed only to a young clergyman, yet it is adapted to every age and underſtanding. It contains obſervations that delight and improve every mind; and may be read with pleaſure and advantage by the oldeſt and moſt exemplary divines. *Orrery.*

continue

continue ſeveral years, (many of them their whole lives), with thirty or forty pounds for their ſupport; till ſome biſhop, who happens not to be overſtocked with relations, or attached to favourites, or is content to ſupply his dioceſe without colonies from England, beſtows upon them ſome inconſiderable benefice, when it is odds they are already incumbered with a numerous family. I would be glad to know, what intervals of life ſuch perſons can poſſibly ſet apart for the improvement of their minds; or which way they could be furniſhed with books, the library they brought with them from their college being uſually not the moſt numerous, or judiciouſly choſen If ſuch gentlemen arrive to be great ſcholars, it muſt, I think, be either by means ſupernatural, or by a method altogether out of any road yet known to the learned. But I conceive the fact directly otherwiſe, and that many of them loſe the greateſt part of the ſmall pittance they received at the univerſity.

I take it for granted, that you intend to purſue the beaten tract, and are already deſirous to be ſeen in a pulpit; only I hope you will think it proper to paſs your quarantine among ſome of the deſolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at leaſt learn to read and to ſpeak, before you venture to expoſe your parts in a city-congregation; not that theſe are better judges, but becauſe, if a man muſt needs expoſe his folly, it is more ſafe and diſcreet to do ſo before few witneſſes, and in a ſcattered neighboorhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail upon ſome intimate and judicious friend to be your conſtant hearer, and allow him with the utmoſt freedom to give you notice of whatever he ſhall find amiſs, either in your voice or geſture: for want of which early warning many clergymen continue defective, and ſometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to obſerve, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungra-

cious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they have never been able to ſhake off.

I could likewiſe have been glad, if you had applied yourſelf a little more to the ſtudy of the Engliſh language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the moſt general defects among the ſcholars of this kingdom, who ſeem not to have the leaſt conception of a ſtyle, but run on in a flat kind of phraſeology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expreſſions peculiar to the nation: neither do I perceive that any perſon either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the leaſt deſires to have them ſupplied. Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a ſtyle. But this would require too ample a diſquiſition to be now dwelt on. However, I ſhall venture to name one or two faults, which are eaſy to be remedied with a very ſmall portion of abilities.

The firſt is, the frequent uſe of obſcure terms, which by the women are called *hard words*, and by the better ſort of vulgar *fine language*; than which I do not know a more univerſal, inexcuſable, and unneceſſary miſtake, among the clergy of all diſtinctions, but eſpecially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a liſt of ſeveral hundred words in a ſermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could poſſibly underſtand; neither can I eaſily call to mind, any clergyman of my own acquaintance, who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with me in the diſlike of the thing. But I am apt to put myſelf in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obſcure, which the preacher will not allow to be ſo, becauſe thoſe words are obvious to ſcholars. I believe the method obſerved by the famous Lord Falkland, in ſome of his writing, would not be an ill one for young divines. I was aſſured by an old perſon of quality, who knew him well, that when

he doubted whether a word were perfectly intelligible or no, he used to consult one of her lady's chambermaids (not the waiting-woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgement was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that great person thought such a caution necessary, in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chambermaid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe. A common farmer shall make you understand, in three words, "that his foot is out of "joint, or his collar-bone broken; wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same case in law, physic, and even many of the meaner arts.

And upon this account it is, that, among hard words, I number likewise those which are peculiar to divinity as it is a science, because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers, as if it were our duty to understand them; which I am sure it is not. And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law, either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience*, *omnipresence*, *ubiquity*, *attribute*, *beatific vision*, with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric*, *idiolyncracy*, *entity*, and the like. I believe I may venture to insist further, that many terms used in holy writ, particularly by St. Paul, might, with more discretion, be changed into

to plainer ſpeech, except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

I am the more earneſt in this matter, becauſe it is a general complaint, and the juſteſt in the world. For a divine hath nothing to ſay to the wiſeſt congregation of any pariſh in this kingdom, which he may not expreſs in a manner to be underſtood by the meaneſt among them. And this aſſertion muſt be true, or elſe God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might poſſibly put a caſe that would ſerve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at leaſt nineteen in twenty of thoſe perplexing words might not be changed into eaſy ones, ſuch as naturally firſt occur to ordinary men, and probably did ſo at firſt to thoſe very gentlemen who are ſo fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines from the pulpits on account of our ignorance in things ſacred, and perhaps with juſtice enough; however it is not very reaſonable for them to expect, that common men ſhould underſtand expreſſions which are never made uſe of in common life. No gentleman thinks it ſafe or prudent to ſend a ſervant with a meſſage, without repeating it more than once, and endeavouring to put it into terms brought down to the capacity of the bearer; yet, after all this care, it is frequent for ſervants to miſtake, and ſometimes occaſion miſunderſtandings among friends; although the common domeſtics in ſome gentlemens families have more opportunities of improving their minds than the ordinary ſort of tradeſmen.

It is uſual for clergymen who are taxed with this learned defect, to quote Dr. Tillotſon, and other famous divines, in their defence; without conſidering the difference between elaborate diſcourſes upon important occaſions, delivered to princes and parliaments, written with a view of being made public, and a plain ſermon, intended for the middle or

lower ſize of people. Neither do they ſeem to remember the many alterations, additions, and expungings, made by great authors, in thoſe treatiſes which they prepare for the public. Beſides, that excellent prelate above mentioned was known to preach after a much more popular manner in the city-congregations; and if in thoſe parts of his works he be any where too obſcure for the underſtandings of many who may be ſuppoſed to have been his hearers, it ought to be numbered among his omiſſions.

The fear of being thought pedants, hath been of pernicious conſequence to young divines. This hath wholly taken many of them off from their ſeverer ſtudies, in the univerſity; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houſes. This they uſually call *polite converſation*, *knowing the world*, and *reading men inſtead of books*. Theſe accompliſhments, when applied in the pulpit, appear by a quaint, terſe, florid ſtyle, rounded into periods and cadencies, commonly without either propriety or meaning. I have liſten'd with my utmoſt attention for half an hour to an orator of this ſpecies, without being able to underſtand, much leſs to carry away one ſingle ſentence out of a whole ſermon. Others, to ſhew that their ſtudies have not been confined to ſciences, or ancient authors, will talk in the ſtyle of a gaming ordinary, and White Friars *, when, I ſuppoſe, the hearers can be little

* The ſtile of White Friars was that of ſharpers, bullies, and other fugitives from the law. This precinct, in 1609, obtained from K. James a charter of exemption from pariſh, ward and city offices, except in the militia. Being poſſeſſed thereof, the inhabitants claimed afterwards a power and right to protect the perſons of debtors; whereby the place became filled with lawleſs refugees of all ſorts, who grew to ſuch a height of wickedneſs and impudence, that it was found neceſſary in K. William's time, by act of parliament, to ſuppreſs and bring them to juſtice.

edified

edified by the terms of *palming*, *ſhuffling*, *biting*, *bamboozling*, and the like, if they have not been ſometimes converſant among pick-pockets and ſharpers. And truly, as they ſay, a man is known by his company, ſo it ſhould ſeem, that a man's company may be known by his manner of expreſſing himſelf, either in public aſſemblies, or private converſation.

It would be endleſs to run over the ſeveral defects of ſtyle among us. I ſhall therefore ſay nothing of the mean and the paltry, (which are uſually attended by the fuſtian) much leſs of the ſlovenly and indecent. Two things I will juſt warn you againſt. The firſt is the frequency of flat unneceſſary epithets; and the other is, the folly of uſing old threadbare phraſes, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauſeous to rational hearers, and will ſeldom expreſs your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already obſerved, our Engliſh tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of underſtanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the propereſt words will generally offer themſelves firſt; and his own judgement will direct him in what order to place them, ſo as they may be beſt underſtood. When men err againſt this method, it is uſually on purpoſe, and to ſhew their learning, their oratory, their politeneſs, or their knowledge of the world. In ſhort, that ſimplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, it is no where more eminently uſeful than in this.

I have been conſidering that part of oratory which relates to the moving of the paſſions. This, I obſerve, is in eſteem and practice among ſome church-divines, as well as among all the preachers and hearers of the fanatic or enthuſiaſtic ſtrain. I will here deliver to you (perhaps with

more freedom than prudence) my opinion upon the point.

The two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demoſthenes and Cicero, though each of them a leader, (or, as the Greeks call'd it, a *demagogue*) in a popular ſtate, yet ſeem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art. The former, who had to deal with a people of much more politeneſs, learning, and wit, laid the greateſt weight of his oratory upon the ſtrength of his arguments offered to their underſtanding and reaſon; whereas Tully conſidered the diſpoſitions of a ſincere, more ignorant, and leſs mercurial nation, by dwelling almoſt entirely on the pathetic part.

But the principal thing to be remembered, is, that the conſtant deſign of both theſe orators in all their ſpeeches was, to drive ſome one particular point, either the condemnation or acquittal of an accuſed perſon, a perſuaſive to war, the enforcing of a law, and the like: which was determined upon the ſpot, according as the orators on either ſide prevailed. And here it was often found of abſolute neceſſity, to inflame or cool the paſſions of the audience: eſpecially at Rome, where Tully ſpoke, and with whoſe writings young divines, (I mean thoſe among them who read old authors) are more converſant than with thoſe of Demoſthenes, who by many degrees excelled the other, at leaſt as an orator. But I do not ſee how this talent of moving the paſſions can be of any great uſe, towards directing Chriſtian men in the conduct of their lives, at leaſt in theſe northern climates *, where I am confident the ſtrongeſt eloquence of that kind will leave few impreſſions upon any of our ſpirits, deep enough to

* This diſſuaſive againſt an attempt to move the paſſions, is not intended to cenſure thoſe diſcourſes, by which hope and fear are excited by an exhibition of their proper objects in proper language; but that, cant only, by which hypocrites affect to be melted into tears.

laſt

laſt till the next morning, or rather to the next meal.

But what hath chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent diſappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman who made it a rule in reading. to ſkip over all ſentences where he ſpied a note of admiration at the end. I believe thoſe preachers who abound in *epiphonemas* *, if they look about them, would find one part of the congregation out of countenance, and the other aſleep, except perhaps an old female beggar or two in the iſles, who (if they be ſincere) may probably groan at the ſound.

Nor is it a wonder that this expedient ſhould ſo often miſcarry, which requires ſo much art and genius to arrive at any perfection in it; as every man will find, much ſooner than learn, by conſulting Cicero himſelf.

I therefore intreat you to make uſe of this faculty (if you be ever ſo unfortunate as to think you have it) as ſeldom, and with as much caution as you can; elſe I may probably have occaſion to ſay of you, as a great perſon ſaid of another upon this very ſubject. A lady aſked him, coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving diſcourſe? "Yes," ſaid he, "I was extremely ſorry, for the "man is my friend."

If, in company, you offer ſomething for a jeſt, and no body ſeconds you in your own laughter, or ſeems to reliſh what you ſaid, you may condemn their taſte, if you pleaſe, and appeal to better judgements; but, in the mean time, it muſt be agreed, you make a very indifferent figure; and it is at leaſt equally ridiculous, to be diſappointed in endeavouring to make other folks grieve, as to make them laugh.

A plain convincing reaſon may poſſibly operate

* *Epiphonema* ſignifies a ſententious kind of exclamation.

upon

upon the mind, both of a learned and ignorant hearer, as long as they live, and will edify a thouſand times more than the art of wetting the handkerchiefs of a whole congregation, if you were ſure to attain it.

If your arguments be ſtrong, in God's name offer them in as moving a manner as the nature of the ſubject will properly admit, wherein reaſon and good advice will be your ſafeſt guides: but beware of letting the pathetic part ſwallow up the rational; for I ſuppoſe philoſophers have long agreed, that paſſion ſhould never prevail over reaſon.

As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are, firſt, to tell the people what is their duty, and then to convince them that it is ſo. The topics for both theſe, we know, are brought from ſcripture and reaſon. Upon the former, I wiſh it were often practiſed, to inſtruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compaſs of every duty, which requires a good deal of ſkill and judgement: the other branch is, I think, not ſo difficult. But what I would offer upon both is this, that it ſeems to be in the power of a reaſonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the moſt ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him by arguments drawn to the level of his underſtanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I muſt remember, that my deſign in this paper was, not ſo much to inſtruct you in your buſineſs, either as a clergyman or a preacher, as to warn you againſt ſome miſtakes, which are obvious to the generality of mankind, as well as to me; and we who are hearers, may be allowed to have ſome opportunities in the quality of being ſtanders-by. Only, perhaps, I may now again tranſgreſs, by deſiring you to expreſs the heads of your diviſions in as few and clear words as you poſſibly can; otherwiſe I, and many thouſand others, will never be

be able to retain them, nor consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular, wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy, for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never make use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time, I am highly sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes; which when I complimented him upon, he assured me, he could not repeat six lines; but his method was, to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then on Sunday morning he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people by making them believe he had it all by heart. He farther added, that whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our Doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now, among us, many clergymen act so directly contrary to this method, that, from a habit of saving time and paper, which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive

minutive a manner, with ſuch frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual heſitations, or extemporary expletives: and I deſire to know, what can be more inexcuſable, than to ſee a divine and a ſcholar at a loſs in reading his own compoſitions, which it is ſuppoſed he has been preparing with much pains and thought, for the inſtruction of his people? The want of a little more care in this article, is the cauſe of much ungraceful behaviour. You will obſerve ſome clergymen, with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cuſhion, to read what is hardly legible; which, beſides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the beſt advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their paper to the audience, like an idle ſchoolboy on a repetition-day.

Let me intreat you, therefore, to add one half-crown a-year to the article of paper; to tranſcribe your ſermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you ſhould be leſs correct, than perpetually ſtammering, which I take to be one of the worſt ſoleciſms in rhetoric. And, laſtly, read your ſermon once or twice a-day, for a few days before you preach it. To which you will probably anſwer ſome years hence, "that it was but juſt finiſhed, "when the laſt bell rang to church;" and I ſhall readily believe, but not excuſe you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the moſt earneſt manner, againſt endeavouring at wit in your ſermons; becauſe, by the ſtricteſt computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and becauſe too many of your calling have conſequently made themſelves everlaſtingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember ſeveral young men in this town, who could never leave the pulpit under

half

half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to thoſe gentlemen a longer or ſhorter time, exactly in proportion to their ſeveral degrees of dulneſs: accordingly, I am told that ſome of them retain it to this day. I heartily wiſh the brood were at an end.

Before you enter into the common unſufferable cant of taking all occaſions to diſparage the Heathen philoſophers, I hope you will differ from ſome of your brethren, by firſt inquiring what thoſe philoſophers can ſay for themſelves. The ſyſtem of morality to be gathered out of the writings or ſayings of thoſe ancient ſages, falls undoubtedly very ſhort of that delivered in the goſpel; and wants, beſides, the divine ſanction which our Saviour gave to his. Whatever is further related by the evangeliſts, contains chiefly matters of fact, and conſequently of faith; ſuch as, the birth of Chriſt, his being the Meſſiah, his miracles, his death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion; none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wiſdom, being intended only to make us wiſe unto ſalvation. And therefore, in this point, nothing can be juſtly laid to the charge of the philoſophers, further than that they were ignorant of certain facts which happened long after their death. But I am deceived, if a better comment could be any where collected upon the moral part of the goſpel, than from the writings of thoſe excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies, is at large inſiſted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of Heatheniſm, I doubt they had leſs of it than the corrupted Jews, in whoſe time they lived. For it is a groſs piece of ignorance among us, to conceive that, in thoſe polite and learned ages, even perſons of any tolerable education, much leſs the wiſeſt philoſophers, did acknowledge or worſhip any more than one almighty power, under

der ſeveral denominations, to whom they allowed all thoſe attributes we aſcribe to the Divinity: and, as I take it, human comprehenſion reacheth no further. Neither did our Saviour think it neceſſary to explain to us the nature of God; becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, it would be impoſſible, without beſtowing on us other faculties than we poſſeſs at preſent. But the true miſery of the Heathen world appears to be, what I before mentioned, the want of a divine ſanction, without which the dictates of the philoſophers failed in the point of authority; and conſequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance, even in the article of morality; but the philoſophers themſelves did not. Take the matter in this light, and it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by ſhewing the advantages which the Chriſtian world hath over the Heathen, and the abſolute neceſſity of divine revelation, to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue, more univerſal in the world.

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from ſome ancient fathers in the church, who arguing againſt the Heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philoſophy as much as they could; which I hope is not altogether our preſent caſe. Beſides, it is to be conſidered, that thoſe fathers lived in the decline of literature; and in my judgement (who ſhould be unwilling to give the leaſt offence) appear to be rather moſt excellent holy perſons, than of tranſcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely ſuffered by ſpurious additions) are of admirable uſe for confirming the truth of ancient doctrines and diſcipline, by ſhewing the ſtate and practice of the primitive church. But among ſuch of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any, whoſe manner of arguing or exhorting I could heartily recommend to the imita-

tion of a young divine, when he is to ſpeak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too haſtily; there being ſeveral of them in whoſe writings I have made very little progreſs, and in others none at all. For I purſued only ſuch as were recommended to me, at a time when I had more leiſure, and a better diſpoſition to read, than have ſince fallen to my ſhare.

To return then to the Heathen philoſophers: I hope you will not only give them quarter, but make their works a conſiderable part of your ſtudy. To theſe I will vanture to add the principal orators and hiſtorians, and perhaps a few of the poets; by the reading of which, you will ſoon diſcover your mind and thoughts to be enlarged, your imagination extended and refined, your judgement directed, your admiration leſſened, and your fortitude increaſed; all which advantages muſt needs be of excellent uſe to a divine, whoſe duty it is to preach and practiſe the contempt of human things.

I would ſay ſomething concerning quotations; wherein I think you cannot be too ſparing, except from ſcripture, and the primitive writers of the church. As to the former, when you offer a text as a proof or an illuſtration, we your hearers expect to be fairly uſed, and ſometimes think we have reaſon to complain, eſpecially of you younger divines; which make us fear, that ſome of you conceive you have no more to do than to turn over a concordance, and there having found the principal word, introduce as much of the verſe as will ſerve your turn, though in reality it makes nothing for you. I do not altogether diſapprove the manner of interweaving texts of ſcripture through the ſtyle of your ſermon; wherein, however, I have ſometimes obſerved great inſtances of indiſcretion and impropriety; againſt which I therefore venture to give you a caution.

As to quotations from ancient fathers, I think they are beſt brought in to confirm ſome opinion controverted by thoſe who differ from us. In other caſes, we give you full power to adopt the ſentence for your own, rather than tell us, " as St. Auſtin " excellently obſerves." But to mention modern writers by name, or to uſe the phraſe of " a late " excellent prelate of our church," and the like, is altogether intolerable, and, for what reaſon I know not, makes every rational hearer aſhamed. Of no better a ſtamp is your Heathen philoſopher, and famous poet, and Roman hiſtorian, at leaſt in common congregations; who will rather believe you on your own word, than on that of Plato or Homer.

I have lived to ſee Greek and Latin almoſt entirely driven out of the pulpit; for which I am heartily glad. The frequent uſe of the latter was certainly a remnant of Popery, which never admitted ſcripture in the vulgar language; and I wonder that practice was never accordingly objected to us by the Fanatics.

The mention of quotations puts me in mind of common-place books, which have been long in uſe by induſtrious young divines; and, I hear, do ſtill continue ſo. I know they are very beneficial to lawyers and phyſicians, becauſe they are collections of facts or caſes, whereupon a great part of their ſeveral faculties depend: of theſe I have ſeen ſeveral, but never yet any written by a clergyman. Only, from what I am informed, they generally are extracts of theological and moral ſentences, drawn from eccleſiaſtical and other authors, reduced under proper heads, uſually begun, and perhaps finiſhed, when the collectors were young in the church, as being intended for materials, or nurſeries to ſtock future ſermons. You will obſerve the wiſe editors of ancient authors, when they meet a ſentence worthy of being diſtinguiſhed, take ſpecial

care

care to have the first word printed in capital letters, that you may not overlook it: such, for example, as "the inconstancy of fortune, the goodness of "peace, the excellence of wisdom, the certainty "of death; that prosperity makes men insolent, "and adversity humble;" and the like eternal truths, which every ploughman knows well enough, though he never heard of Aristotle or Plato. If theological common-place books be no better filled, I think they had better be laid aside; and I could wish that men of tolerable intellectuals would rather trust their own natural reason, improved by a general conversation with books, than to enlarge on a point which they are supposed already to understand. If a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patch-work.

Some gentlemen, abounding in their univerſity erudition, are apt to fill their ſermons with philoſophical terms, and notions of the metaphyſical or abſtracted kind; which generally have one advantage, to be equally underſtood by the wife, the vulgar, and the preacher himſelf. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the Pilgrim's Progreſs, than by a long diſcourſe upon the will and the intellect, and ſimple or complex ideas. Others again are fond of dilating on matter or motion, talk of the fortuitous concourſe of atoms, of theories, and phænomena; directly againſt the advice of St. Paul, who yet appears to have been converſant enough in thoſe kind of ſtudies.

I do not find that you are any where directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, And indeed, ſince Providence intended there ſhould be myſteries, I do not ſee how it can be agreeable to piety, orthodoxy, or good ſenſe, to go about ſuch a work. For, to me, there ſeems to be a manifeſt dilemma in the caſe: If you explain them, they are myſteries no longer; if you fail, you have labour-ed to no purpoſe. What I ſhould think moſt reaſonable and ſafe for you to do upon this occaſion, is, upon ſolemn days to deliver the doctrine, as the church holds it, and confirm it by ſcripture. For my part, having conſidered the matter impartially, I can ſee no great reaſon which thoſe gentlemen you call the Free-thinkers, can have for their clamour againſt religious myſteries; ſince it is plain they were not invented by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit, nor acquire any honour; for every clergyman is ready, either to tell us the utmoſt he knows, or to confeſs that he does not underſtand them: neither is it ſtrange, that there ſhould be myſteries in divinity, as well as in the commoneſt operations of nature.

And

And here I am at a loſs what to ſay upon the frequent cuſtom of preaching againſt Atheiſm, Deiſm, Freethinking, and the like, as young divines are particularly fond of doing, eſpecially when they exerciſe their talent in churches frequented by perſons of quality; which, as it is but an ill compliment to the audience, ſo I am under ſome doubt whether it anſwers the end.

Becauſe perſons under thoſe imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and ſo the congregation is but little edified for the ſake of three or four ſouls, who are paſt grace: neither do I think it any part of prudence, to perplex the minds of well-diſpoſed people with doubts, which probably would never have otherwiſe come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be poſitive in it, that not one in a hundred of thoſe who pretend to be Freethinkers, are really ſo in their hearts. For there is one obſervation which I never knew to fail, and I deſire you will examine it in the courſe of your life. That no gentleman of a liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profeſs himſelf a Freethinker. Where then are theſe kind of people to be found? Among the worſt part of the ſoldiery, made up of pages, younger brothers of obſcure families, and others of deſperate fortunes; or elſe among idle town-fops, and now and then a drunken 'ſquire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients abſolutely neceſſary in the compoſition of thoſe you generally call Freethinkers, who, in propriety of ſpeech, are no thinkers at all. And ſince I am in the way of it, pray conſider one thing farther. As young as you are, you cannot but have already obſerved, what a violent run there is among too many weak people againſt univerſity education: be firmly aſſured, that the whole cry is made up by thoſe who were either never ſent to a college, or, through their irregulari-

ties and ſtupidity, never made the leaſt improvement while they were there. I have above forty of the latter ſort now in my eye; ſeveral of them in this town, whoſe learning, manners, temperance, probity, good nature, and politics, are all of a piece: others of them, in the country, oppreſſing their tenants, tyranniſing over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonſenſe, and getting drunk at the ſeſſions. It is from ſuch ſeminaries as theſe, that the world is provided with the ſeveral tribes and denominations of Freethinkers; who, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Chriſtian religion, becauſe reaſoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reaſoning he never acquired; for, in the courſe of things, men always grow vicious, before they become unbelievers. But if you could once convince the town or country profligate, by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would ſoon drop off. This, I confeſs, is no eaſy taſk; becauſe it is, almoſt in a literal ſenſe, to fight with beaſts. Now, to make it clear, that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines ſo much complain, it is allowed on all hands, that the people of England are more corrupt in their morals, than any other nation at this day under the ſun: and this corruption is manifeſtly owing to other cauſes, both numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication of irreligious books, which indeed are but the conſequence of the former; for all the writers againſt Chriſtianity, ſince the revolution, have been of the loweſt rank among men in regard to literature, wit, and good ſenſe, and upon that account wholly unqualified to propogate hereſies, unleſs among a people already abandoned

In an age, where every thing diſliked by thoſe who think with the majority is called diſſaffection, it

it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you, that this univerſal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years paſt; when, without weighing the motives of juſtice, law, conſcience, or honour, every man adjuſts his principles to thoſe of the party he hath choſen, and among whom he may beſt find his own account: but, by reaſon of our frequent viciſſitudes, men who were impatient of being out of play, have been forced to recant, or at leaſt to reconcile their former tenets with every new ſyſtem of adminiſtration. Add to this, that the old fundamental cuſtom of annual parliaments being wholly laid aſide, and elections growing chargeable, ſince gentlemen found that their country-ſeats brought them in leſs than a ſeat in the houſe, the voters, that is to ſay, the bulk of the common people, have been univerſally ſeduced into bribery, perjury, drunkenneſs, malice, and ſlander.

Not to be farther tedious, or rather invidious, theſe are a few, among other cauſes, which have contributed to the ruin of our morals, and conſequently to the contempt of religion: for imagine to yourſelf, if you pleaſe, a landed youth, whom his mother would never ſuffer to look into a book, for fear of ſpoiling his eyes, got into parliament, and obſerving all enemies to the clergy heard with the utmoſt applauſe, what notions he muſt imbibe, how readily he will join in the cry, what an eſteem he will conceive of himſelf, and what a contempt he muſt entertain, not only for his vicar at home, but for the whole order.

I therefore again conclude, that the trade of infidelity hath been taken up only for an expedient to keep in countenance that univerſal corruption of morals, which many other cauſes firſt contributed to introduce and to cultivate. And thus Mr. Hobbes's ſaying upon reaſon may be much more

more properly applied to religion, That " if reli-" gion will be againſt a man, a man will be againſt " religion." Though, after all, I have heard a profligate offer much ſtronger arguments againſt paying his debts, than ever he was known to do againſt Chriſtianity. Indeed the reaſon was, becauſe in that juncture he happened to be cloſer preſſed by the bailiff than the parſon.

Ignorance may perhaps be the mother of ſuperſtition; but experience hath not proved it to be ſo of devotion; for Chriſtianity always made the moſt eaſy and quickeſt progreſs in civilized countries. I mention this, becauſe it is affirmed, that the clergy are in moſt credit where ignorance prevails, (and ſurely this kingdom would be called the paradiſe of clergymen, if that opinion were true); for which they inſtance England in the times of Popery. But whoever knoweth any thing of three or four centures before the reformation, will find the little learning then ſtirring was more equally divided between the Engliſh clergy and laity, than it is at preſent. There were ſeveral famous lawyers in that period, whoſe writings are ſtill in the higheſt repute; and ſome hiſtorians and poets, who were not of the church. Whereas now-a-days our education is ſo corrupted, that you will hardly find a young perſon of quality with the leaſt tincture of knowledge, at the ſame time that many of the clergy were never more learned, or ſo ſcurvily treated. Here among us, at leaſt, a man of letters, out of the three profeſſions, is almoſt a prodigy. And thoſe few who have preſerved any rudiments of learning, are (except perhaps one or two ſmatterers) the clergy's friends to a man: and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greateſt dunce in his pariſh be not always the moſt proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable, of his flock.

I think

I think the clergy have almoſt given over perplexing themſelves and their hearers with obſtruſe points of predeſtination, election, and the like; at leaſt, it is time they ſhould; and therefore I ſhall not trouble you further upon this head.

I have now ſaid all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit. Your behaviour in the world is another ſcene, upon which I ſhall readily offer you my thoughts, if you appear to deſire them from me, by your approbation of what I have here written; if not, I have already troubled you too much.

I am, SIR,

Your affectionate

friend and ſervant.

An Essay on the Fates of CLERGYMEN *.

THere is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called discretion: a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence. Courts are seldom unprovided of persons under this character; on whom, if they happen to be of great quality, most employments, even the greatest, naturally fall, when competitors will not agree; and in such promotions nobody rejoices or grieves. The truth of this I could prove by several instances within my own memory; for I say nothing of present times.

And indeed, as regularity and forms are of great use in carrying on the business of the world, so it is very convenient, that persons endued with this kind of discretion should have that share which is proper to their talents, in the conduct of affairs, but by no means meddle in matters which require "genius, learning, strong comprehension, quick-"nesse of conception, magnanimity, generosity, sa-"gacity," or any other superior gift of human minds; because this sort of discretion is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few

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scruples

ſcruples about the way of obtaining it; with ſervile flattery and ſubmiſſion; with a want of all public ſpirit or principle; with a perpetual wrong judgement, when the owners come into power and high place, how to diſpoſe of favour and preferments having no meaſure for merit and virtue in others, but thoſe very ſteps by which themſelves aſcended; nor the leaſt intention of doing good or hurt to the public, farther than either one or t'other is likely to be ſubſervient to their own ſecurity or intereſt. Thus, being void of all friendſhip and enmity, they never complain, or find fault with the times, and indeed never have reaſon to do ſo.

Men of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do ſometimes riſe in the court, ſometimes in the law, and ſometimes even in the church. Such were the Lord Bacon, the Earl of Strafford, Archbiſhop Laud, in the reign of King Charles I. and others in our own times, whom I ſhall not name: but theſe, and many more, under different princes, and in different kingdoms, were diſgraced, or baniſhed, or ſuffered death, merely in envy to their virtues and ſuperior genius, which emboldened them, in great exigencies and diſtreſſes of ſtate, (wanting a reaſonable infuſion of this aldermanly diſcretion), to attempt the ſervice of their prince and country out of the common forms.

This evil fortune which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, hath been imputed to divers cauſes, that need not be here ſet down, when ſo obvious an one occurs; if what a certain writer obſerves be true, that "when a great genius appears in the world, the "dunces are all in confederacy againſt him." And if this be his fate, when he employs his talents wholly in his cloſet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what muſt he expect, when he ventures out to ſeek for preferment in a court, but univerſal oppoſition, when he is mounting

mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off when he is at the top? And in this point, fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature: for in nature we find, that bodies full of life and spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall; whereas heavy bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater velocity, in proportion to their weight: but we find fortune every day acting just the reverse of this.

This talent of discretion, as I have described it in its several adjuncts and circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the clergy; to whose preferment nothing is so fatal as the character of wit, politeness in reading or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract by having too much conversed with persons of high station and eminency; these qualifications being reckoned by the vulgar of all ranks to be marks of levity, which is the last crime the world will pardon in a clergyman: To this I may add a free manner of speaking in mixed company, and too frequent an appearance in places of much resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual promotion.

I have known indeed a few exceptions to some parts of these observations. I have seen some of the dullest men alive aiming at wit, and others, with as little pretensions, affecting politeness in manners and discourse; but never being able to persuade the world of their guilt, they grew into considerable stations, upon the firm assurance which all people had of their discretion, because they were a size too low to deceive the world to their own disadvantage. But this, I confess, is a trial, too dangerous often to engage in.

There is a known story of a clergyman, who was recommended for a preferment by some great man at court to an archbishop. His Grace * said, he

* Dr. Tenison, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

had

had heard that the clergymen uſed to play at whiſt and ſwobbers; that, as to playing now and then a ſober game at whiſt for paſtime, it might be pardoned; but he could not digeſt thoſe wicked ſwobbers; and it was with ſome pains that my Lord Somers could undeceive them. I aſk, by what talents we may ſuppoſe that great prelate aſcended ſo high, or what ſort of qualifications he would expect in thoſe whom he took into his patronage, or would probably recommend to court for the government of diſtant churches?

Two clergymen, in my memory, ſtood candidates for a ſmall free ſchool in Yorkſhire, where a gentleman of quality and intereſt in the country, who happened to have a better underſtanding than his neighbours, procured the place for him who was the better ſcholar, and more gentlemanly perſon of the two, very much to the regret of all the pariſh. The other being diſappointed, came up to London, where he became the greateſt pattern of this lower diſcretion that I have known and poſſeſſed it with as heavy intellectuals; which together with the coldneſs of his temper, and gravity of his deportment, carried him ſafely through many difficulties, and he lived and died in a great ſtation; while his competitor is too obſcure for fame to tell us what became of him.

This ſpecies of diſcretion, which I ſo much celebrate, and do moſt heartily recommend, hath one advantage not yet mentioned; it will carry a man ſafe through all the malice and variety of parties, ſo far, that whatever faction happens to be uppermoſt, his claim is uſually allowed for a ſhare of what is going. And the thing ſeems to me highly reaſonable. For in all great changes, the prevailing ſide is uſually ſo tempeſtuous, that it wants the ballaſt of thoſe whom the world calls *moderate men*, and I call *men of diſcretion*; whom people in power may, with little ceremony, load as heavy as they pleaſe, drive

them through the hardeſt and deepeſt roads, without danger of foundering or breaking their backs, and will be ſure to find them neither reſty nor vitious.

I will here give the reader a ſhort hiſtory of two clergymen in England, the characters of each, and the progreſs of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly diſcretion, and the bad conſequences from the want of that virtue, will ſtrongly appear.

Coruſodes, an Oxford ſtudent, and a farmer's ſon, was never abſent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college after Tom had tolled, he ſpent every day ten hours in his cloſet, in reading his courſes, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his ſtockings; which laſt he performed to admiration. He could be ſoberly drunk, at the expence of others, with college ale, and at thoſe ſeaſons was always moſt devout. He wore the ſame gown five years, without draggling or tearing. He never once looked into a play-book or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the ſame cadence, but with a very different taſte. He never underſtood a jeſt, or had the leaſt conception of wit.

For one ſaying he ſtands in renown to this day. Being with ſome other ſtudents over a pot of ale, one of the company ſaid ſo many pleaſant things, that the reſt were much diverted, only Coruſodes was ſilent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry companion aſide, and ſaid, "Sir, "I perceive by your often ſpeaking, and your "friends laughing, that you ſpoke many jeſts; "and you could not but obſerve my ſilence: But, "Sir, this is my humour; I never make a jeſt "myſelf, nor ever laugh at another man's."

Coruſodes, thus endued, got into holy orders; having, by the moſt extreme parſimony, ſaved thirty-four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowſhip; went up to London, where his ſiſter was waiting-

waiting-woman to a lady; and ſo good a ſolicitor, that, by her means, he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a-day, at ten ſhillings a-month. He had now acquired a low, obſequious, awkward bow, and a talent of groſs flattery, both in and out of ſeaſon; he would ſhake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechiſm; and was ſometimes admitted to dine at the ſteward's table. In ſhort he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my Lady for chaplain to ſome other noble houſes, by which his revenue (beſides vails) amounted to about thirty pounds a year. His ſiſter procured him a ſcarf from my Lord, who had a ſmall deſign of gallantry upon her; and, by his Lordſhip's ſolicitation, he got a lectureſhip in town of ſixty pounds a-year; where he preached conſtantly in perſon, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a ſtyle eccleſiaſtic, and the matter (ſuch as it was) well ſuited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after a country living fell in my Lord's diſpoſal; and his Lordſhip, who had now ſome encouragement given him of ſucceſs in his amour, beſtowed the living on Coruſodes) who ſtill kept his lectureſhip and reſidence in town; where he was a conſtant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better faſhion in the pariſh happened to be abſent from church, they were ſure of a viſit from him in a day or two, to chide and dine with them.

He had a ſelect number of poor, conſtantly attending at the ſtreet-door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common ſolicitor to his former patroneſs, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he diſpoſed of the money. At a perſon of quality's houſe, he would never ſit down, till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the moſt diſtant chair. His

whole demeanor was formal and ſtarched; which adhered ſo cloſe, that he could never ſhake it off in his higheſt promotion.

His Lord was now in high employment at court, and attended by him with the moſt abject aſſiduity; and his ſiſter being gone off with child to a private lodging, my Lord continued his graces to Coruſodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a pariſh in town, and a *dignity in the church.*

He paid his curates punctually, at the loweſt ſalary, and partly out of the communion-money; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out ſmall ſums at *ten per cent.* and brought him acquainted with jobbers in Change-alley. By her dexterity he ſold the clerkſhip of his pariſh, when it became vacant.

He kept a miſerable houſe: but the blame was laid wholly upon Madam; for the good Doctor was always at his books, or viſiting the ſick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his pariſh.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a moſt ſanctified pride; was rigorouſly and univerſally cenſorious upon all his brethren of the gown, on their firſt appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred: but give large allowance to the laity of high rank or great riches, uſing neither eyes nor ears for their faults. He was never ſenſible of the leaſt corruption in courts, parliaments, or miniſtries, but made the moſt favourable conſtructions of all public proceedings; and power, in whatever hands, or whatever party, was always ſecure of his moſt charitable opinion. He had many wholeſome maxims, ready to excuſe all miſcarriages of ſtate: *Men are but men*; *Erunt vitia donec homines*; and, *Quod ſupra nos, nil ad nos*; with ſeveral others of equal weight.

It

It would lengthen my paper beyond measure, to trace out the whole system of his conduct; his dreadful apprehensions of Popery; his great moderation towards dissenters of all denominations; with hearty wishes, that, by yielding somewhat on both sides, there might be a general union among Protestants; his short, inoffensive sermons, in his turns at court, and the matter exactly suited to the present conjecture of prevailing opinions; the arts he used to obtain a mitre, by writing against Episcopacy; and the proofs he gave of his loyalty, by palliating or defending the murder of a martyred prince.

Endued with all these accomplishments, we leave him in the full career of success, mounting fast towards the top of the ladder ecclesiastical, which he had a fair probability to reach; without the merit of one single virtue; moderately stocked with the least valuable parts of erudition; utterly devoid of all taste, judgement, or genius; and in his grandeur, naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose accomplishments most resemble his own; except his beloved sons, nephews, or other kindred, be in competition; or, lastly, except his inclinations be diverted by those who have power to mortify or farther advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same university, and about the same time with Corusodes. He had the reputation of an arch lad at school, and was unfortunately possessed with a talent for poetry; on which account he received many chiding letters from his father. and grave advice from his tutor. He did not neglect his college-learning; but his chief study was the authors of antiquity, with a perfect knowledge in the Greek and Roman tongues. He could never procure himself to be chosen fellow; for it was objected against him, that he had written verses, and particularly some, wherein he glanced at a certain reverend Doctor, famous for dullness; that

he had been ſeen bowing to ladies, as he met them in the ſtreets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing, in a private family, with half a dozen of both ſexes.

He was the younger ſon to a gentleman of a good birth, but ſmall eſtate; and his father dying, he was driven to London to ſeek his fortune. He got into orders, and became reader in a pariſh-church at twenty pounds a-year, was carried by an Oxford friend to Will's coffee-houſe, frequented in thoſe days by men of wit, where in ſome time he had the bad luck to be diſtinguiſhed. His ſcanty ſalary compelled him to run deep in debt for a new gown and caſſock, and now and then forced him to write ſome paper of wit or humour, or preach a ſermon for ten ſhillings, to ſupply his neceſſities. He was a thouſand times recommanded by his poetical friends to great perſons, as a young man of excellent parts, who deſerved encouragement, and received a thouſand promiſes; but his modeſty, and generous ſpirit, which diſdained the ſlavery of continual application and attendance, always diſappointed him; making room for vigilant dunces, who were ſure to be never out of ſight.

He had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not ſometimes a little too refined, and apt to truſt too much to his own way of thinking and reaſoning.

When, upon the vacancy of preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon ſome promiſing lord, he received the uſual anſwer, that he came to late; for it had been given to another the very day before. And he had only this comfort left, that every body ſaid, it was a thouſand pities ſomething could not be done for poor Mr. Eugenio.

The remainder of his ſtory will be diſpached in a few words. Wearied with weak hopes, and weaker purſuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyſhire, of thirty pounds a-year; and when he was five and forty, he

he had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his fathers to a vicarage worth annually ſixty pounds, in the moſt deſart parts of Lincolnſhire; where his ſpirit quite ſunk with thoſe reflections that ſolitude and diſappointments bring, he married a farmer's widow, and is ſtill alive, utterly undiſtinguiſhed and forgotten; only ſome of the neighbours have accidentally heard, "that he had been a no-"table man in his youth."

End of Vol. VIII.

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